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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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ROWING IN AMERICA.

WE give in our columns of description an estimate of the relative merits of the English and the American systems of rowing; but what is really the one system or the other is a matter of so great dispute that some persons will be found who will not accept any description of either system as being exactly correct. The fact is, that much depends upon the practical interpretation of the idea that one has of either system. What we have said



AMERICAN STYLE OF ROWING—TAKING WATER.



ENGLISH STYLE OF ROWING (ADOPTED BY YALE)—TAKING WATER.

of both styles is taken from personal observations of oarsmen. Our illustrations are sketched from positions taken by Captain Cook, of the Yale crew, and will be found to be exact representations. Of these, and of the general description of the two systems which we give, there can hardly be any criticism. It is true that the Ward Brothers pull in the "American style," and that the Atalantas pull in the "English style," and that each crew will pull somewhat differently from the other,



AMERICAN STYLE OF ROWING—THE RECOVER.

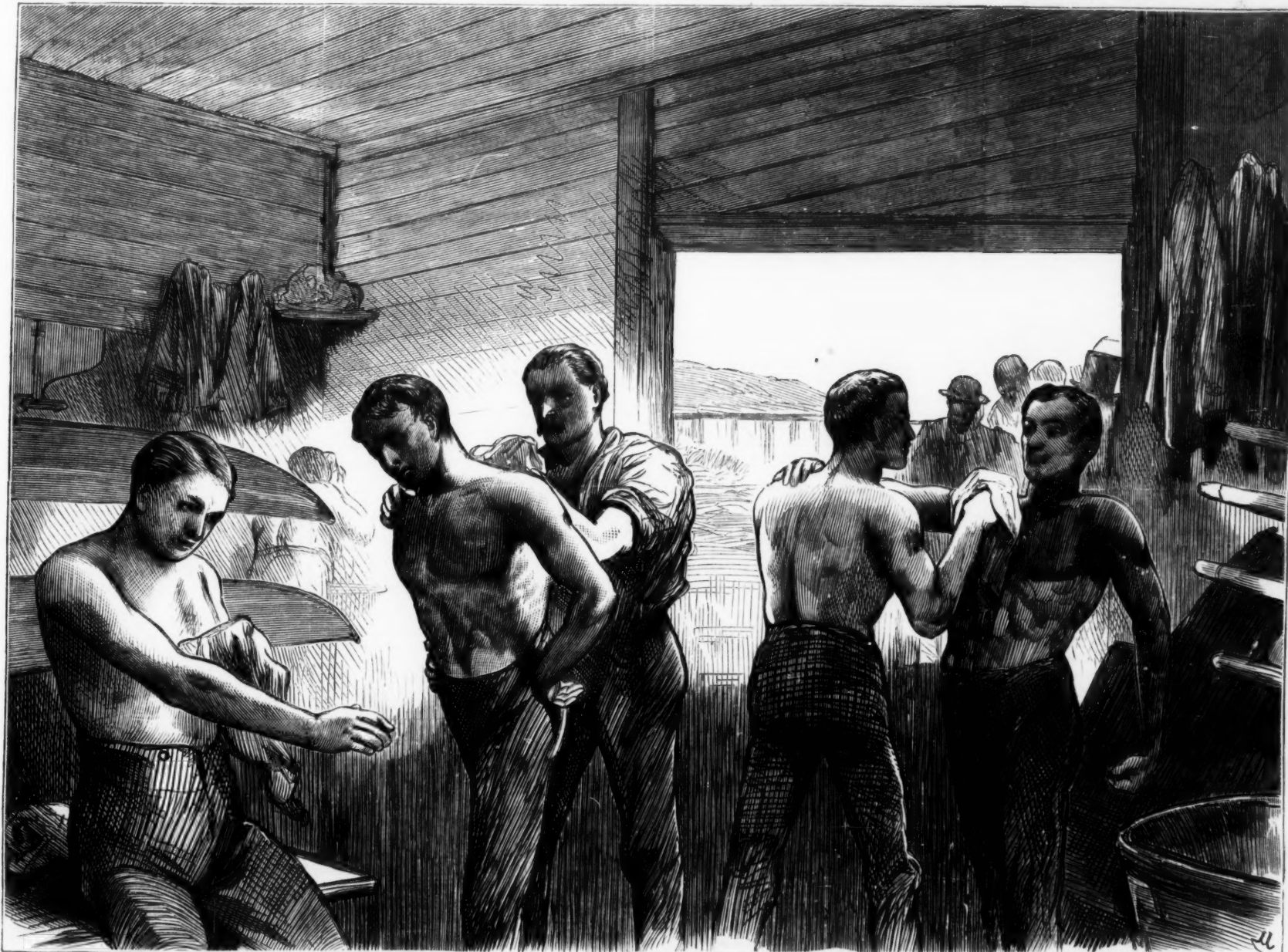
so that it is hard to describe from the action of either crew exactly what the "American style" is. And the English style will be found to be quite as hard to explain. But it is certain that American crews have not always been able to compete with their English rivals, and that it has been decided that the English style of rowing is the best.

Whether or not we shall ever be able to beat a crew from the London Rowing Club depends very much upon our becoming accomplished

in a standard stroke. A crew may be never so strong, never so long-winded, and have great "bottom," yet, with a lack of system, defeat may be very easy. We do not believe that our American crews are doing as well with their muscles, especially in making time, as their opportunities demand; and now that the newspapers have taken charge of them, we hope they will continue to improve until there is nothing to beat them, not only on Saratoga Lake and the Connecticut River, but also over the course from Putney to Mortlake on the Thames.



ENGLISH STYLE OF ROWING (ADOPTED BY YALE)—THE RECOVER.



THE COLLEGE REGATTA AT SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—PREPARING FOR THE CONTEST—RUBBING DOWN AFTER A PULL.—A SCENE IN THE YALE BOAT-HOUSE. SKETCHED BY J. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 313.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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GRANT'S THIRD TERM.

UNUSUAL attention has lately been called to the probability of an effort to elect General Grant to a third term of the Presidency. Had the people really credited the possibility even of such an attempt, when it was asserted in the canvass of last year, he would certainly have had a much smaller majority. But it is the nature of Americans to believe implicitly in the permanence of the Republic, notwithstanding all the warnings they have had, of which the war was the greatest, and to treat their military heroes as if they were saints, incapable of an ambitious dream. General Grant was anything last year that his admirers chose to make him—a modern Cincinnatus or a second Washington. His military career atoned for all his civil errors. Mr. Greeley, on the other hand, who had during a long life of temperance, industry and true philanthropy labored in the cause of the people, was suddenly transformed into their enemy, and pursued to his grave by the meanest and cruelest slanders of the age. But both the praise and the blame were so extravagant and unjust, that the sound common-sense of the country begins already to revise the judgment of the polls, and the hero-worship of the soldier declines, just as the respect for the statesman increases.

Thus the people are by no means ready to give Grant a third term as they were to give him a second. There was illustrious precedent for the one, there is none for the other. No President ever held his office for twelve years, but on the contrary, Washington, Jefferson, and other great leaders of the Republic, warned the people against the dangers of the perpetual re-eligibility of the Executive. Lincoln, even in time of war, held similar opinions. Jefferson believed it would result in making the office one for life, and afterwards hereditary. Thus, last year the country was convinced that Grant's second term would be, as a matter of course, his last; they scouted the idea that he might seek to elect himself again, and treated all who asserted the possibility of such a scheme as idle or malicious alarmists. That the people do not think so now, the present political condition gives sufficient proof. The Third Term Question is the question of the day.

In the first place, it must be conceded that there is no other candidate in the Republican Party excepting Grant. Mr. Blaine and Mr. Morton are vaguely talked about by small factions, but the party itself has no more present idea of nominating either of them than it has of bestowing the honor upon George Francis Train. With all their decided ability, these gentlemen have only remote and contingent expectations, like distant heirs to a property. The great Mr. Conkling, who would otherwise have Presidential aspirations, sees this, and fixes his eyes upon the high judicial seat which Mr. Chase left vacant, and the bold General Butler contents himself with visions of Senatorial splendor. Grant is the man. The whole army of politicians look to him as their leader; he is the open choice of the office-holders, to whom a third term means continuation in place and power. He is the master of the Republican Party, having put down with an iron hand every rebellion in its ranks, and having forced out of its councils all who dared to oppose his will. He is just as strong now for the third term, with the politicians, as he was last year for the second, but we greatly mistake if he is not much weaker with the people.

Those who doubt this, and have so much confidence in Grant that they think he would sternly refuse a third candidacy, and retire, like Cincinnatus to his plow, or like Washington to Mount Vernon, should ask themselves if he has ever refused anything. Has not his whole career revealed a determination to grasp power and hold it? We doubt if the worst of his predecessors in the Presidency would have signed a Bill doubling his own salary, accompanied, as the Grant Bill was, with the disgraceful back-pay steal of Congress. We know that the great men with whom Grant is sometimes compared—Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln—would never have violated, as he did, the spirit of the Constitutional clause which forbids the increase of a President's salary, by a petty evasion of the letter. Nor has Grant ever intimated the slightest objection to a third term, though he is the first President who has been accused of seeking it. He has had and has now the opportunity of removing this growing fear of

the country, and vindicating his character with a word, but that word he evidently will not speak until he is compelled by public opinion—that is, if public opinion has compulsory power any longer.

Yet in spite of this ominous silence of himself, more alarming because of the loud advocacy of the scheme by his partisans, we hesitate to absolutely accuse Grant of a design to seize the Presidency, by the aid of the patronage of the Government and of a great and well-trained organization. But we do say that his actions and his policy have subjected him to the suspicion that he entertains this criminal project, and that this is beginning to be generally believed by all parties. So universal is this opinion, that in the past two weeks even the *Herald*, which has always sustained him, has declared to the country that the danger exists, and has, in all kindness, called upon him to destroy it. He has been warned by it that to persist would be to earn for himself a place in our history with Burr and Arnold, as the enemy of republican institutions.

This is true, but it is needless for us to point out in how many ways a third term would threaten the fabric of American liberty. Where is the American who does not know that a permanent Executive and a free Democracy cannot exist together, and who that truly loves his country would let love of party persuade him to sanction the experiment?

THE PATIENT PAGAN.

AN American is disposed to look with distrust and aversion on whatever cannot be assimilated. He has an unbounded faith in the digestive and recreative powers of his country, and he therefore tolerates, as his form of Government intends he shall, the most obnoxious and barbarous forms of emigration, knowing that with the second or third generation national prejudices and the infirmities of race will disappear under the action of our social laws. The proud anomaly of American civilization is, that we evolve the homogeneous out of the heterogeneous, in spite of Buckle and the teachings of history. It is for this reason that we regard the Chinaman with such bitterness. He will not be assimilated. Evolution with him is a humbug. He stands with mild defiance, and breasts the whole torrent of our special manifest destiny, well assured in his patient soul that his latest generation, whether in or out of America, will be found wearing pig-tails, deforming their feet, and selling cheap cigars, in utter contempt of universal progress and the intermixture of the species.

Something of the grand historic impregnability of his nation, which has passively withstood the rest of the world for centuries, is to be seen in his opium-colored face and demure stubbornness. He will come and patiently underwork us, and when he dies he will deprive our soil of the small nutriment that his slender bones would furnish. And this in spite of all precedent, African, Teuton and Celtic. So we hate him. He lends an olive shadow to our brightest dreams of universal absorption. He will toil for us, take our stripes and our contempt, but he is not to be swallowed, dead or alive.

There is manifestly good reason on our part to fear this patient intruder. Back of him there are five hundred millions of patient Pagans, who may take it into their heads to come also. Already there is a vague fear along our Western Coast that the hundred thousand who defy the Anglo-Saxon deglutition are but the premonitory drops before the deluge, and that at some dread moment a million or two will be vomited upon us by revolution or panic or superstition at home, and we shall be swallowed in turn.

Whether this fear is well founded or not, there is already evidence that the Chinaman is influencing our civilization. Instead of making a Christian of him, he threatens to make a Pagan of us. His presence in California has led not only to barbarous persecution, but to the enactment of ordinances which are curiously un-American in spirit and effect; and we discover some reflection of the disregard of his own life in the Californian's readiness to take it away from him. Persecution is, however, an ineffectual method against patience; and it does not appear that our departure in this respect tends at all to hasten his.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

ENGLAND has been on tiptoe and has seen the Shah. Unwarned by the Kaiser, who was glad to be rid of him, the English nobles feted the royal monster, and for a few days thought they were seeing one of Tom Moore's Oriental heroes. But alas! Persian beauty is a myth, and the Shah is a beast.

He had advised King William to murder the Queen of Prussia; and it was in no wise strange that he should wish the Prince of Wales to kill a duke. He was indelicate to the ladies of the Court, treating them as a veterinary surgeon would treat a horse. He destroyed royal pictures. He spoiled royal carpets. He ate with his fingers. He showed that the nobles were asses and that he was a heathen.

Germany and England are happily rid of the Shah. He is going home to behold his

wives and to cut off a few nobles by way of diversion. One good will come out of his European visit. Germany will not hinder England from attacking Persia; and it is doubtful that either England or Germany will interfere with the Czar in Asia. Surely a monarch who does not know the decencies of life cannot have great sympathy if his national life is in danger.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

JOHN CARPENTER, on the Fourth, knocked the ashes out of his pipe on the chimes of a keg of powder. Aged 43.

ONE-EIGHTH of the people of Georgia are Baptists, and the other sects cannot hold a candle to one of their dips.

ON the New Jersey Midland Railway there is said to be a sink-hole that cannot be filled up. In Wall Street there is a sink-hole for railroads, and it is not near full.

THE police of Brooklyn, by the aid of Mary Hanley, have arrested the woman who figured in the Goodrich mystery as Kate Stoddard, "Amy G." etc. She confessed the murder.

"BOSTON ILLUSTRATED" is the name of a new book just published by Osgood & Co. It seems to us that the two editions of Boston illuminated they have recently enjoyed ought to satisfy them.

GENERAL BUTLER is getting much notoriety and very little praise for his speech at Framingham. The Temperance Question, usually so intoxicating to the political demagogue, really staggered Butler.

KENTUCKY has done many big things. She raised Harry Clay; she fostered Prentice; she charmed lone-hand Watterson; she is champion of whisky; and now she claims to be the birthplace of Captain Jack.

A MAN in Indiana was fined \$10 for cutting off his wife's hair. Why? Because she looked worse without her hair. But didn't he take her for better or for worse, and prefer her worse? To fine him only makes him pay for the choice.

A RUSTIC contemporary, giving an account of a college commencement, says that Professor So-and-So delivered the "Bacchanalian" sermon. And that reminds us to inquire whether, if a hard drinker is a bacchanalian, a hard smoker is not a tobaccoconian?

A FLORIDA paper boasts that the State raises green roses. If the Land of Flowers can do no better, and get no further, with its roses than to have them in a green-pickle-looking condition, it had better look towards the North. Here the roses are never green, but always ripe.

CORNELL students support themselves by manual labor; and one of them has taken to peddling lemonade among the other fellows. If he will only start a barroom he will have got the manual labor business down to a fine point; and he might take exercise by starting a cigar-stand.

YOUNG Walworth, after all, is not to have his life so hard. In Sing Sing Prison he has been assigned to the office of the shoemaking shop. The fact that he is hereditarily insane, that he has epileptic fits, and that M. T. Walworth was a blasphemer, may account for this leniency.

So many inquiries have been made for information about the portraits of Kingsley and Fowler, of Brooklyn notoriety, printed in our recent cartoon, that we are glad to say they were accurate representations of good photographs made by Frank Pearsall, 298 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

THE Shah has a moderate overcoat, but it is the diamond buttons that make it worth a million dollars. The Shah has thirteen wives to keep these buttons on; but we venture to say that if in America every leaf on every tree was a shirt and every mosquito a diamond, the gentlemen of this country would have no buttons put on.

AMERICA is to have a new literary review, and it is to be called the *International*. From first glimpses it seems that it is to be written by our prehistorical generation. Charles Francis Adams is to tell about the Geneva Arbitration, and President McCosh is to "do" philosophy. Probably, after a while, some of the younger writers will creep into it.

THE Russian army has liberated fifteen thousand Persians from a captured town in Khiva, and yet the Shah of Persia, who is traveling in Europe, eating with his fingers, and throwing away twenty thousand dollars at a time upon English policemen and waiters, has been so weak, that he could not defend his own people from slavery. Yet how the Europeans have toadied to this weak and dirty Shah!

ONE of the keenest-eyed political journalists in this country is Charles A. Dana, editor of the *New York Sun*. We are glad, therefore, that our opinion of the Liberal Republican and Democratic movement, as it is now conducted, is fully sustained by that of the Editor-publicist; but he gives his further opinion, which we fully indorse—that the Democrats, if they move alone this Fall, must win a great victory, or be utterly annihilated.

THE Philadelphia *Press*, while ascribing to us a kindly spirit of criticism in respect to the Centennial, tells us that there is no danger of

the great Celebration falling into the hands of a corrupt Ring. We fully agree with the *Press* that the Centennial Commission is one of great integrity and ability; but we have tried to show, as we shall continue in an effort to show, that unless Philadelphia rids herself of a corrupt political Ring, her good works may be judged by her bad men. Let Philadelphia remember that Rome had a Nero as well as a Marcus Aurelius.

GENERAL CLUSERET, the Communist leader, has written a letter to Senator Conkling, protesting loudly against Belgium not allowing him to remain within its dominions. The General does this, he says, because he is an American citizen. Well, if he is, let him come here and stay, and mind his own business, if he have any to mind. America will protect all its citizens, except when they want to use their citizenship as a cloak to foment discord in other countries.

It was not long ago that Messrs. Childs and Forney were boasting of the future commercial greatness of Philadelphia; but what people believed was only patriotism in those gentlemen comes now to be known as wisdom. Having begun to build steamships, Philadelphia begins to grow enthusiastic over the fact that there need be no end to the building, and the sailing, too, of steamships; and we add our record that the Quaker City is a serious rival to New York for the trade of the Pacific with Europe.

THE financial crisis in Vienna seems not to have spent its force. A general panic is imminent in Austria. The reason is that the country has been living upon credit. And while Austria is in an unpromising condition, English critics are fearing that the Bank of England holds within its vaults the safety of the kingdom. The same thing may be said of the National Banks in reference to America. But the plan proposed for the safety of the Banks of Austria, namely, the union of several of the financial institutions for mutual aid in case of a run upon any of them, has been practiced in America, and especially in New York.

CONTROLLER GREEN, of New York, is a very economical man. He is keeping the treasury of New York from paying out vast sums of money on a plan never before employed by any financial statesman. Whenever the city owes a man a bill, that man must sue for it. The result is, that in the end the city is compelled to pay the bill, with costs, interest and other charges; and probably before Mr. Green gets through, the city will have lost as much money legally through him as it did illegally through Dick Connelly. It is only the difference between keen knavery and obdurate ignorance, between criminal thievery and fanatical waste.

THE New York *Herald* is greatly worried at the prospect of General Grant receiving a third Presidential term. That General Grant wants such a term even his friends do not deny; and he has all the power, prestige and patronage of the Government to aid him in obtaining it. What Washington, Jefferson and Jackson did not desire, he would have. So long as he has one skillful political retainer in every State, capable of manipulating its political elements, he is safe in carrying his estimate of his power and his ambition for tenure of office to any extent. Kellogg, he thinks, can manage Louisiana; Cameron and Hartman can manage Pennsylvania; Conkling can manage New York; and Morton can manage Indiana. We do not doubt, at this distance from the contest for the Presidential succession, that Grant will be renominated. But his renomination will seal the tomb of the Republican Party. Centralization can have no more alarming effect than the nomination of a President for a third term; and the people do not think any American worthy of that honor.

THERE is no use denying that we are all out of town. That is a doctrinal point in our Summer citying that we dare not question. It is true our streets palpitate with the same toilers, and are flushed by the same idlers. Broadway may have lost color, but its current thunders and groans on the same. Wall Street wears the same fever. The Park teems with us, and our eight hundred thousand drag the same chains unintermittently from shop to shambles, and from barter to bedrooms and barracks. But we are, nevertheless, out of town. There is a stain of rust already on our door-plates, a gossamer cobweb spans the fan-light, grass is growing round the ash-barrel. To be out of town may not be rational or even possible, but it is the fashion. So the fiction overrides the fact. This monstrous *alibi* has its benefits. If we cannot go to the White Mountains except in fancy, the White Mountains shall come to us in both fact and fancy. We shall sit under the shade of melancholy boughs in the Fifth Avenue, and the upland breezes shall pour their incense through our daily literature and paint their choicest outlines in our weekly records. The ripple of Lake George will reach us at breakfast time, and give cool reminiscent flavor to the omelet at Delmonico's; the sea-spray flies over us from Long Branch and Cape May and Newport, freshly wafted by a hundred pens; the breathing of Lake Superior, the tinkle of Minnehaha, the gurgle of the Saskatchewan and the monotone of Niagara come to us as audibly as the dip and splash and splutter of

Saratoga. So with our whole intellectual captivity freshened with out-of-doors, we have the true *rus in urbe*; and, after all, it is not so bad to be out of town only in name when the country is here in spirit.

ILLEGITIMATE journalism, as it is now called, threatens by excess to bring about the proper reaction prematurely. The duty of journalism is to record facts, not to make them. The moment a newspaper passes from history to manufacture it betrays its impatience of restraint under the limiting duties that belong to its province. And it is by the concentration of effort, not by its diffusion, that success in any field at this day is assured. We are, therefore, disposed to question the expediency of all enterprises undertaken by the Press which have for their object the creation of special facts, news or incidents. The editor should deal with the actual, and let the possible alone. If Mr. Stewart should give symphony *soirées* every afternoon in his silk department, there is not a working-girl in the land that could be made to believe that he had the elevation of public taste at heart. There cannot be any doubt that the music thus provided would exert its benign influence. But under that incidental beneficence would lurk the business of the shopkeeper. So with all those charitable and scientific exploits which journalism here and there undertakes. We do not object to the good accomplished, but we begin to doubt that good ever can be accomplished from disinterested motives, and the appalling fear grows upon us that ere long charity and science will be used like prizes to help sell the packages of all traffickers.

"WHERE are the remains of General Greene, of revolutionary fame?" bids fair to become as vexed a question as "Who is the author of 'Beautiful Snow'?" Some weeks ago we alluded to the report that the grave of the Continental hero could not be found. A letter was received shortly after from Captain George S. Burger, late of the Fifty-fourth Regiment, New York Volunteers, in which he stated that the remains "now lie in a very obscure and dilapidated place adjoining an old plantation, known by the name of Dungeness, on Cumberland Island, situated at the mouth of St. Mary's River, between the Georgia and Florida shores, and within sight of Fort Clinch, Fla. I visited the spot several times during our late war." A week after the publication of this, a statement came to hand from W. J. Warrington, of Brunswick, Ga., which, after alluding to the misinformation of Captain Burger, says: "The widow of General Greene and her second husband are buried there (Cumberland Island); also several members of the family. General Greene died on his plantation, 'Mulberry Grove,' on the Savannah River, and his remains were placed in a vault in the old cemetery in Savannah. A few years after the City Council appointed a committee to examine the vault, with a view to the removal of his remains, but they could not be found. A general search was made, but in vain. The resting-place of the 'Hero of the South' is unknown." For the sake of patriotic reverence for the heroes of the Revolution, it is to be hoped the remains of Greene may yet be discovered; and we shall be glad to publish any statement that may possibly contribute to a solution of the question.

THE RISE IN PRICES—AN ENGLISH VIEW.

THE fall in the value of gold, and the corresponding or contemporaneous rise in the price of commodities, is a most important subject that has hitherto been imperfectly investigated. Meat began to rise enormously in price before the effect of the gold discoveries could have been felt, and coal has now risen still more enormously under circumstances which show that the depreciation of the precious metals cannot be materially responsible for the phenomenon. That other causes are at work is clear, as is also the fact that such decline in the value of gold as has already occurred may be aggravated hereafter by a larger influx of the precious metal.

Few readers now remember the little treatise in which Mr. Cobden opened a glimpse of the future by translating, for the use of his countrymen, the speculations of M. Chevalier on the probable effects of the new imports of gold. In that work, however, and in others which followed, an impressive picture was drawn of the results which might be anticipated. Society, it was said, would be dislocated; whole classes would be displaced, creditors would suffer, debtors would gain, annuitants and other persons with fixed incomes would find themselves half ruined—in fact, a revolution, and nothing less, would convulse the social fabric from top to bottom. Gold would ultimately lose, say, half its value, and when a sovereign would only purchase ten shillings worth of goods, the owners of a limited number of sovereigns would find themselves deprived of half their means. We now, however, wish to ask whether the predicted revolution has actually and visibly occurred. Everybody knows well enough that things are dear, though not all things; but has there really, up to the present moment, been any displacement of ranks or any convulsion of social order? Has any considerable class of the population found itself grievously reduced in circumstances or depressed in the social scale? Do people discover that what they could do twenty years ago they can do no longer? Can anybody say that, to his own knowledge, families by the hundred, or the score, or the dozen, have been compelled to descend from the rank they once occupied, owing to the circumstances described above?

There is one broad fact which forces itself upon our consideration, and this is that a prodigious increase of the public wealth is everywhere confessed. It is perfectly certain that, as a rule, and to all appearances with very few exceptions, people have got more to spend, and do actually spend more, than they did before the gold mines were opened. All ranks of society enjoy themselves more and look for more enjoyment. We say all ranks, because we really know of none to be generally excepted. Of course, coal and meat at present prices must tell upon small fixed incomes. The first necessities of life had not, until the coal famine, risen in cost at all. Bread, tea, coffee, sugar and clothing are much cheaper than they were. Clothing, to those who know how to manage, is also cheaper. House-rents have risen only in well-frequented places. All, or nearly all, articles of humble furniture are as cheap as they need to be. No doubt, as soon as we ascend in the scale of living, difficulties would increase; but after the ascent has been continued a little, they become compensated by advantages. It is safe to say that many modest luxuries have of late years been greatly cheapened. The wine trade has absolutely been transformed. A bottle of good wholesome French or German wine can now be bought for a third, or even a fourth, of the price which would have been demanded thirty years ago. Schooling is not only far cheaper, but far better; in fact, it seems as if education might soon be had for next to nothing. All these things, and many others which could be mentioned, tend to lower the aggregate cost of living, in spite of the dearness of farm produce.

The fact is, we imagine, that only a limited class could feel the full effects of the depreciation of gold. The very general demand for enhanced pay is of itself irrefutable evidence of the results we have been questioning.

NEW ZEALAND.

THE islands of New Zealand are situated not far distant from Australia; the islands abound in timber of the most valuable kinds suitable for ship-building; the coasts swarm with fish, and are the haunt of the sperm whale, large numbers of American vessels yearly resorting thither for fishing purposes; and the numerous noble bays and deep inlets all round the coast afford them a safe anchorage during the stormier seasons of the year. The extent of New Zealand is about the same as that of the British Islands.

The coast-line is of great extent, and very irregular, being broken up by numerous bays, inlets, and the wide mouths of numerous rivers. The coast is exceedingly picturesque, and in some places very bold, partaking of the uneven and mountainous character of the country. Chains of lofty mountains intersect both the northern and southern islands; and their summits are covered with eternal snow; their sides being clothed with forest timber up to the very snow-line. From these great mountain chains, which form as it were the backbone of the islands, subordinate ranges of hills extend on both sides, holding within them much fertile valley-land of the richest and most beautiful description. From these, large tracts of level land stretch away toward the sea, the soil being of considerable depth, and capable of growing the vine and the olive in perfection, as well as corn, flax, potatoes, and all the culinary vegetables of Northern Europe. Even the hill country contains much excellent land, which is prepared for the planting of potatoes and maize, and yields an excellent return by hand labor.

The forest land is peculiarly rich, the best proof of which is the immense vegetation which it constantly supports. In Spring and Summer, Autumn and Winter, there is no visible change in the woods; they are as beautiful in the depth of Winter (which is there exceedingly mild) as in the height of Summer. The leaf that falls is immediately replaced by another—the withered branch is supplied by one more vigorous, and there is a constant succession of luxuriant vegetation. The fairest shrubs preserve their beauty all the year round, neither being nipped by the Winter's blast nor scorched by the Summer's sun. The extremes of cold and heat in all the islands are confined within comparatively narrow bounds. Being limited in breadth, and surrounded by an immense body of ocean, the temperature is preserved very equable; indeed, the climate of New Zealand may be pronounced the nearest perfection possible. Labor goes on in the open air in Summer and Winter alike. Mr. Carrington says: "The climate has not been overrated. It is very splendid; it is a magnificent climate. I have seldom or never suffered from cold; I have been up to my middle in water in the swamps, and have laid down in the same clothes at night for several nights, and have never experienced any injury. It is true that the climate is so healthy that you can undergo wettings and great exposures without suffering any injurious consequences, such as in England would make a person seriously ill."

BEAUTIFUL, BUT TOUGH.

ONE of the most beautiful sights we ever, perhaps, says a traveler, beheld, was whilst sitting on a broad sandy flat in the Upper Nile, about half an hour before sunrise; we listened, in a delicious reverie, to the divine waters, as they flowed and rippled on either side of the Nile. To assist our meditations, we were smoking a pipe of Gebeli, the amber resting indolently on our lips, and the red bowl upon the sand. Time in such situations flies rapidly by. The sun, ere we were aware of it, rose as if with a bound from behind the Arabian mountains, and in an instant the whole earth lay flooded with golden light. At the same instant the flapping and rustling of countless wings were heard overhead, and, looking up, we beheld an immense flight of pelicans, voyaging southward. The breast of the pelican, it is well-known, is milky white; yet now, being touched by the beams of the young sun, it became covered with a roseate flush. In one bird, this would have been striking; but when the

delicate tinge passed like an irradiation along the soft curves of a thousand bosoms at once, it produced an effect perfectly marvelous. To our shame, we confess it, we killed, and attempted to eat, one of these harmless dwellers amid the waters. But our punishment was instantaneous—no human teeth could masticate its fibres, nor could any human stomach digest them. It is true, we could gaze upon its dead breast, and try to fancy the celestial hues that had gladdened our sight in the morning; but they were no longer visible. The breast was, indeed, soft as that of the swan; but as it suggested ghastly ideas, we flung it into the Nile, so that nothing remained to us but the regret of having slaughtered the beautiful bird in vain.

JAPANESE DENTISTRY.

AN American dentist, living in Yokohama, sends to the *Dental Cosmos* an account of the Japanese habits in regard to their teeth. He says that as the young women have very fine teeth, it is remarkable that they should keep up the practice of blacking them after marriage. The Japanese, as a race, possess good teeth, but they lose them very early in life.

"Their tooth-brushes consist of tough wood, pounded at one end to loosen the fibres. They resemble a paint-brush, and owing to their shape it is impossible to get one behind the teeth. As might be expected, there is an accumulation of tartar which frequently draws the teeth of old people. Their process of manufacturing false teeth is very crude. The plates are made of wood, and the teeth consist of tacks driven up from under the side. A piece of wax is heated and pressed into the roof of the mouth. It is then taken out and hardened by putting it into cold water. Another piece of heated wax is applied to the impression, and, after being pressed into shape, is hardened. A piece of wood is then roughly cut into the desired form, and the model, having been smeared with red paint, is applied to it. Where they touch each other a mark is left by the paint. This is cut away till they touch evenly all over. Sharks' teeth, bits of ivory, or stone, for teeth, are set into the wood and retained in position by being strung on a thread, which is secured on each end by a peg driven into the hole where the thread makes its exit from the base. Iron or copper tacks are driven into the ridge to serve for masticating purposes, the unequal wear of the wood and metal keeping up the desired roughness. Their full sets answer admirably for the mastication of food, but, as they do not improve the looks, they are worn but little for ornament. The ordinary service of a set of teeth is about five years, but they frequently last much longer. All full upper sets are retained by atmospheric pressure. This principle is coeval with this art. In Japan, dentistry exists only as a mechanical trade, and the status of those who practice it is not very high. It is, in fact, graded with carpenters—their word *hadyikfsan* meaning tooth-carpenter."

EAST AFRICAN SLAVE-DEALING.

MOST of the slave-dealers are Arabs, who have almost a monopoly of the traffic, and the atrocities of which they are guilty in collecting their merchandise are scarcely credible. Whole districts have been completely depopulated within the last few years, and entire tribes either killed or carried off to the northern slave-markets. Dr. Livingstone speaks, in one of his letters, of the vast fertile territory lying between Lake Nyassa and the coast. When he passed through it in 1867, it was well populated, and covered with evidences of industry. In 1869—only two years later—when he went over the same ground, the villages were burned, the country deserted, and what remained of the population was gathered around the shores of Lake Nyassa, where now the slave-dealers must go in search of victims. The plan adopted by these dealers is to go into the interior in small parties, well armed and provided with articles for the barter of slaves—such as beads and cotton cloth. On arriving at the scene of their operations, they incite, and frequently help, the natives of one tribe to make war upon another. Their assistance almost invariably secures victory to the side which they support, and then the captives become their property, by right or by purchase, the price in the latter case being only a few yards of cotton cloth for each slave. In the course of these operations thousands of natives are either killed or die subsequently of their wounds, or of starvation; villages are destroyed and the women and children, especially, carried away as slaves. Having by these and other means obtained a sufficient number of slaves to allow for the heavy losses on the road, the dealers start with them for the coast. The horrors of this long journey of five hundred miles have been fully described by Dr. Livingstone and others. The slaves are marched in gangs, the men with their necks yoked in heavy forked sticks, which at night are fastened to the ground, or lashed together so as to make escape impossible. The women and children are bound with thongs to a long rope. Any attempt to escape or to untie their bonds, any wavering or lagging on the journey, has but one punishment—immediate death. The sick are left behind, and the route of a slave-caravan, from the lake to the sea, can be tracked by the dying and the dead. The Arabs, of course, only value these poor creatures at the price they will fetch in market; and, if they are not likely to pay the cost of conveyance, they are gotten rid of. A large number in consequence die or are murdered on the journey, while the survivors arrive at their destination in a state of the greatest misery and emaciation. This description, horrible as it is, only relates to their march to the coast; the slaves must still encounter the sea-voyage in dhows to the Zanzibar and other slave-markets. Such is the reckless atrocity of the whole system, that Dr. Livingstone estimates that for every slave landed at Zanzibar at least five have been put to death; and he computes, further, that the East African trade alone involves a drain upon the interior population of not fewer than one hundred and eighty thousand annually.

THE PATAGONIANS.

THE *Revue Scientifique* publishes a summary of a curious paper read to the Anthropological Institute, by Lieutenant Musters, on Patagonia, where he had lived for upward of a year. The region bearing that name extends from the Rio Negro, in 40 degrees south latitude to the straits of Magellan. It is by no means the desert and rocky country it has always been supposed to be, but on the contrary, a fertile land, consisting of hills and rich valleys, where the native tribes find ample food for themselves and pasture for their horses and cattle. The Patagonians call themselves *Ahonikanka*, or *Choneck*, but they are better known under the name of *Tehuelches*, given them by the Araucanians. They are divided into two races, that have frequent intercourse with each other, for purposes either of peace or war with other nations. They speak the same language, but with different accents, and their physical structure is not quite the same. There is another race called the *Pampas* or *Penks*; it inhabits the district lying between the Chupat River and the Rio Negro, and may be considered a branch of the Indians north of the latter; it has, moreover, a language of its own, bearing some analogy to that of the Araucanians. The latter occupy the eastern slope of the Andes. Such are the inhabitants of this section of South America; but the most important of the three races is that of the *Tehuelches*. Lieutenant Musters acknowledges them to be unusually tall, the men generally measuring five feet ten inches, and very frequently six feet and more; the women five feet six inches; but one of them, the wife of a Cacique, measured six feet. No wonder, therefore, that the Spaniards, on their arrival, perceiving these tall men, wrapped in their long mantles, should have taken them for giants. They are, moreover, robust and active, and excellent pedestrians.

CUSTOMS IN FINLAND.

ONE of the customs of Finland is for the members of every family to take a hot bath once a week in the water of steeped leaves. The leaves are gathered in the woods and steeped in a large kettle, and this kind of bath is esteemed a delightful luxury.

Another custom is, whenever a girl wishes to leave the country, she has to go first to her clergyman, partake of the sacrament, and procure a letter of recommendation from him; next to a physician, and obtain from him, after examination, a certificate of good health; then to an officer of the Government, from whom she procures a certificate of permission to remain absent a specified number of years. This certificate costs her a sum equivalent to about twenty dollars in currency. If she returns promptly at the end of the time prescribed, all is well; but if not, her name is erased from the book in which it has been entered, and she is considered as having violated her contract with the Government, and she loses her citizenship for ever.

The inhabitants of Finland dig very deep pits in the earth, in which they entrap wild beasts in the winter. They cover these excavations over with boughs, which conceal them from sight, and the unsuspecting wolf or bear, stepping upon the boughs, finds himself suddenly precipitated to the bottom of the pit. Sometimes a goose is fastened to the middle of the covering as a bait for the beasts. An anecdote is related of a blind old woman who happened to step upon one of these pitfalls, and tumbled in. She went down and down, until finally she struck the deep bottom. As soon as she touched it, she became conscious that a wolf had preceded her in a like descent. In the morning, the family of the old lady went in pursuit of her. On uncovering the pit, they discovered her in one corner, and the wolf in that opposite, where both had remained all night, each afraid of the other, and keeping as far apart as possible.

LENGTH OF WHALES.

MR. SCORESBY, a very high authority on this subject, declares that the common whale seldom exceeds seventy feet in length, and is much more frequently under sixty. Out of three hundred and twenty-two whales, which he assisted personally in capturing, not one exceeded fifty-eight feet, and the largest of which he knew the reported measurement to be authentic came up to only sixty-seven feet. Two specimens of the orqual or razor-back whale have been observed of one hundred and five feet in length. One of these was found floating lifeless in Davis Straits, and the skeleton of the other was seen in Columbia River, and must, tail and all, when alive, have measured 112 feet. Other specimens have measured a hundred, and many others from eighty to ninety feet. One cast on shore at North Berwick, Scotland, and preserved by Dr. Knox, was eighty-three feet in length. These instances seem to establish the average and extreme length of these huge animals. But, with considerable credulity in earlier accounts, Baron Cuvier, the eminent naturalist, says, stoutly: "There is no doubt that whales have been seen at certain epochs and in certain seas upward of three hundred feet long, or one hundred yards in length."

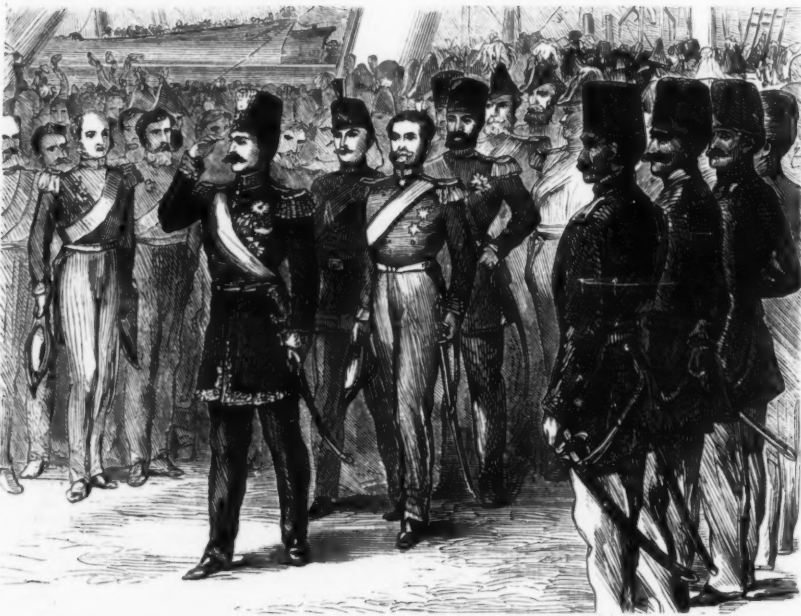
A CALIFORNIA RANCHE.

DR. GLENN, of Colusa County, owns a ranche which contains nearly 45,000 acres. It embraces a frontage of nearly eighteen miles on the Sacramento River, and extends back about five miles. It is inclosed and divided by about 140 miles of fencing. One tenant, G. W. Hoog, rents and cultivates about 10,000 acres of the land, and the Gupton Brothers cultivate an equal portion. Some 15,000 acres are rented out to a number of farmers who work on a smaller scale. At the present time farming operations are going on in this ranche at a lively rate, as the work of harvesting is progressing rapidly. Hoog is engaged in cutting 7,000 acres of wheat and barley. The crop will this year yield about twenty bushels per acre of wheat. In favorable seasons the yield has been about thirty-five bushels. The yield of barley is considerably larger. The total crop will amount to nearly 180,000 bushels.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See PAGE 315.



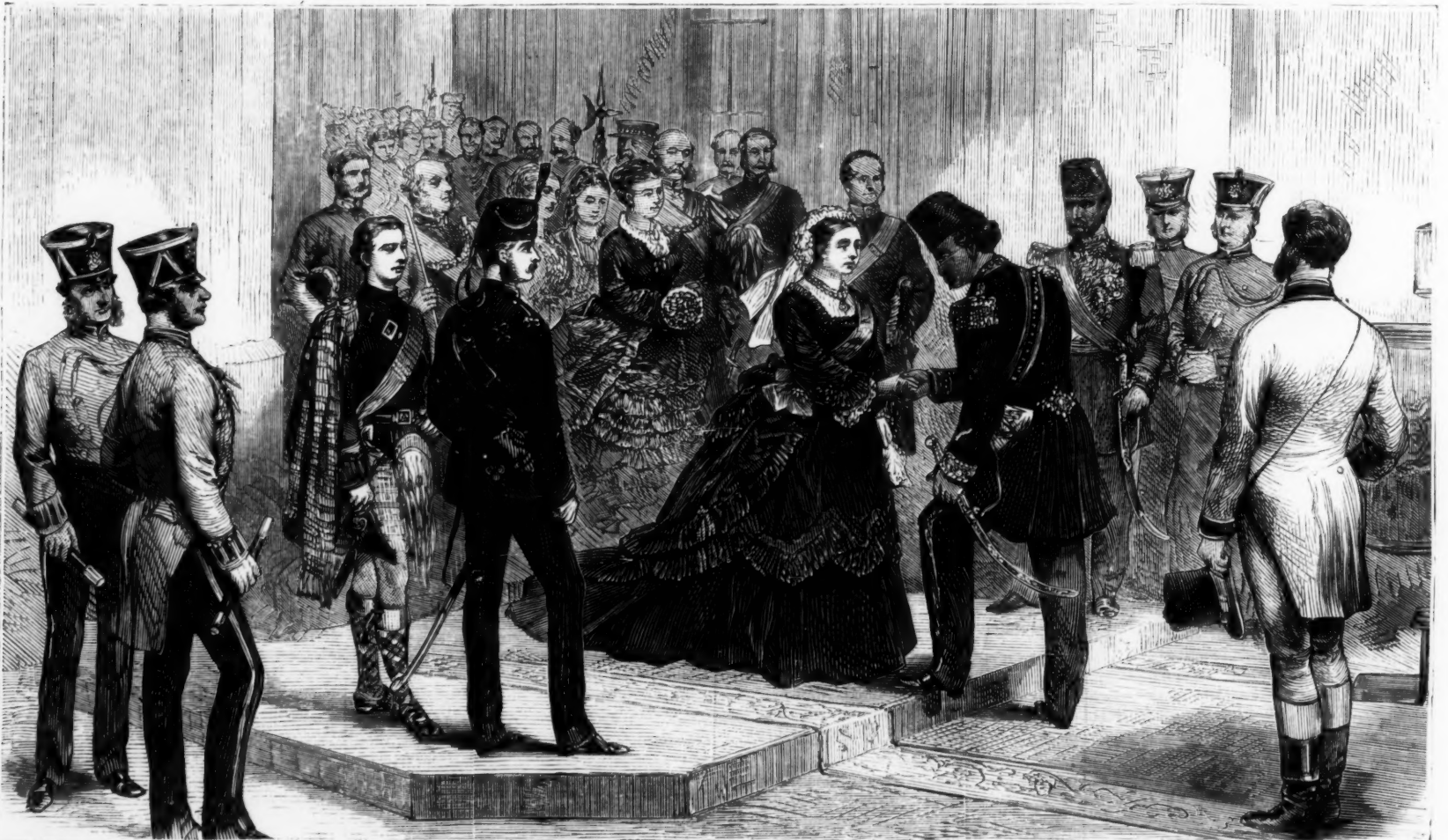
ENGLAND.—THE JOURNEY OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA—THE STATE BALL AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE—A ROYAL QUADRILLE.



ENGLAND.—THE SHAH LANDING AT DOVER.



ENGLAND.—THE SHAH'S VISIT TO LONDON—REPLYING TO THE ADDRESS OF THE CORPORATION.



ENGLAND.—THE JOURNEY OF THE SHAH OF PERSIA—QUEEN VICTORIA RECEIVING HIS HIGHNESS AT THE SOVEREIGN'S ENTRANCE, WINDSOR CASTLE, JUNE 20TH.

THE WARM SPRING INDIANS.

THE telegraphic information that the trial of the Modoc murderers had commenced at Fort Klamath, Oregon, caused renewed interest to centre upon a small band of our faithful allies—the Warm Spring Indians. In the short, sad narrative of General Canby's assassination, and the brief details of subsequent events, the name of Donald McKay, the half-breed chief of the tribe, appears in frequent mention. It was generally known that nearly, if not quite, all the tribes, except the Warm Springs, were friendly to Captain Jack. General Gillem must have had strong assurance of McKay's fidelity before employing him and his warriors as scouts. To their credit be it said that in all the campaign they acted in the most friendly and conscientious manner. A number of the Warm Spring Indians joined, with McKay, the United States soldiers on the 14th of April, and on the 15th, their pack train, composed of seventeen mules and one hundred and fifty horses, reached the camp at South Tule Lake. On the 16th a heavy battle occurred; a galling mortar fire was directed into Captain Jack's camp, and a successful sortie of the regular troops was made. In the struggle the Warm Spring Indians fought like heroes, taking and holding important advantages, unnoticed at the time by the soldiers. On the following day McKay received a reinforcement of twenty warriors. When General Davis assumed command of the troops, and the advance was ordered, McKay and his Indians rendered scout service that could never have been performed by the soldiers. The lava-beds, east and southeast of Tule Lake, were thoroughly surrounded by them, and the bodies of several of the killed and wounded soldiers were brought in. As scouts and warriors they acquitted themselves with great credit, and are entitled to the full meed of consideration. The tribe now numbers but about forty men, yet that handful performed the service of a hundred. In the trial their testimony was regarded as important. They were acquainted with the intentions and reasons of the Modocs in instituting the war, and they may be put to further service.

THE COLLEGE REGATTA.

PREPARATIONS AT SPRINGFIELD—THE STROKE—THE COURSE—THE TRAINING.

OUR artist has given us accurate sketches of the most important incidents in the preparatory work of the great National College Regatta, at Springfield, Mass. The positions of the men in the two different styles of rowing are given on our first page. There has been so much discussion about the relative merits of the English and American styles, and the English style was so elegantly praised by one of Yale's old strokes, George W. Smalley, the London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, at the time of the International Race, that the Yale crew, this year, have abandoned the American stroke.

The error of the American style is the error of every person who rows a flat-bottom boat. It consists in a rapid recovery of the oar when it has left the water, and a slow, long pull through the water, with an extra swinging pull at the close. The body of the rower is thrown forward, with a round back, with the face downward, with the head between the arms; and then there is a strong pull backward, with a vigorous recovery of the arms toward the body at the finish. The two positions are well rendered in our illustrations.

In the English style the hands, instead of being close together on the handle of the oar, are separated. The knees are wide apart. The oarsman sits upright. His back is straight. When his oar takes water it is surged heavily through it at the start, with speed and vigor. There is no long extra jerk at the finish, and the recovery is much slower

than the American style. In brief, the American puts agility into his recovery, and the Englishman puts strength into his pull. The American weakens himself by an extra jerk at a time when he is already weakened. The Englishman recovers his stroke and his breath leisurely, and gives all his strength to the water. Indeed, he does not lose an inch of water from the moment he dips until his oar is quietly out again. The American lingers long in the water and makes

Springfield, at a time when the crew had returned from a long pull on the river. Our open-page picture represents the course while the different crews were practicing just before the race.

The Yale boat-house is some distance from the inn. It is a new structure made of spruce boards, like those of Harvard and Cornell. It was kindly put up by the alumni of the college. It has a small flagstaff surmounted by a gold ball, from which float the colors of Yale. The college crew train

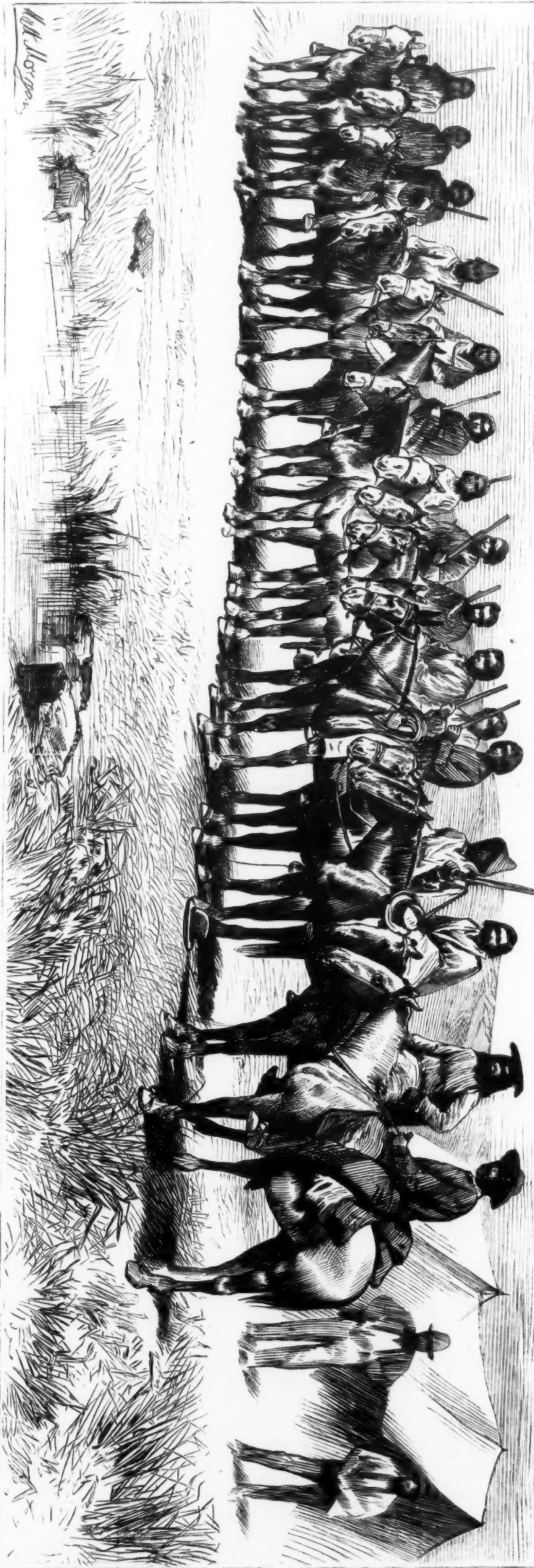
obtain the English stroke with anything like accuracy. Harvard's present style of rowing is molded upon the experience and information their crew brought home with them when they returned from their race with the English oarsmen. It resembles the English style quite as much as does that of the Yale men.

The crew are up by six o'clock and take a cold bath. After that they take a short walk to give a relish to their breakfast, which is an ordinary one, consisting of chops, steak and tea. At half-past ten they take a pull of two miles. At half-past twelve they have luncheon. From this until half-past three they have nothing to do, and generally pass the time with cards, quoits, or reading. At that time they row down the river and over the course. This is the hard work of the day. As their boat-house is three miles above the course, they have to pull about twelve miles before they get back, during which they generally allow three miles of pretty quick rowing. Their stroke is a long, easy one of about thirty-six. The men do not become fatigued so much from the exertion as from the constrained position in which they are obliged to remain for so long a time. At half-past five they have dinner, at which they drink ale as well as at luncheon. They take a walk of about twenty minutes after dinner, and generally retire at ten o'clock.

THROUGH IOWA TO OMAHA.

THE night is passing away, and the train rushing fast from the low ground above the Mississippi to the high central plateau of Iowa. It is impossible for me to give much account of this part of the line; for both in going and coming I passed it by night. Occasionally, on the first night of our journey, escaping from the chorus of snoring in the somewhat close cars, I stood on the platform outside of them, and saw as much of the country as could be thence seen by the light of the moon. It appeared to be very much less flat than Illinois—to be, in fact, what is called in the West a country of "rolling prairie;" that is to say, where the undulations of the ground recall the round swell and deep dips and hollows of the roll of the sea. I believe it is also an improved and improving country, with settlers and farmers on it; but to one who is standing on the platform of an American car, while the train is clanging and swinging along at full speed over a very rough road, and is raising great clouds of dry dust in its course, observations by moonlight necessarily give but very scant information.

About seven in the morning we got to the top of the incline, and halted for breakfast at the town of Loonsboro'. From this point the country is wild and bare for a considerable distance. Here was our first view of great spaces of prairie, now flat and now rolling, without a tree or a shrub or a habitation within sight—spaces sometimes clothed with long grass, sometimes bare, barren and brown. The snow in this high country is a serious obstacle in winter; and often, where the train dives into a cutting sunk between banks, you see on the top of the bank to your right a boarding of planks, meant to shelter the lines from snows drifted before a wintry north wind. The roughness of the railway is something startling to an European. As you look from the platform at the rear of the hindmost car, the long lines of rails over which you have passed seem so unevenly laid, so rugged with ups and downs, as far as the sight can reach back, that you wonder how the cars kept on the metals at all. It is well-known that American lines, and especially the lines of the West, are much more rapidly and less permanently constructed than European railways. But on lines still newer than this Chicago and Northwestern—the Union Pacific, for instance—there is not nearly so much roughness. It is at that particular stage of a line's development, when



THE MODOC TRIAL.—THE WARM SPRING INDIANS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. F. WATKINS, OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

up for the loss by hastening his oar through the air.

Of course, the styles of individuals differ, but the two national styles are very much as we have stated. Much speculation was indulged in this year because Yale adopted the English style of stroke; and, because her crew was new to it, many believed from the start that they would be beaten.

We give a representation of the Yales' room at

themselves, or rather they are not under the instruction of any professional trainer.

Under the instruction of the stroke, Mr. Cook, they strive to attain as nearly as possible the English style of rowing. He went abroad, and passed some time in England visiting the different universities and rowing clubs, studying their stroke and picking up such information as would enable him to lead the present crew through the coming contest. But it seems to be out of the question to

have passed seem so unevenly laid, so rugged with ups and downs, as far as the sight can reach back, that you wonder how the cars kept on the metals at all. It is well-known that American lines, and especially the lines of the West, are much more rapidly and less permanently constructed than European railways. But on lines still newer than this Chicago and Northwestern—the Union Pacific, for instance—there is not nearly so much roughness. It is at that particular stage of a line's development, when

it has been subjected to some wear and tear, and has felt the rains and the frosts, but has not yet been compactly filled up with ballast nor solidified into steadiness by time, that the unevenness is at its worst. During a fearful jolting on a Western line, I once ventured to remark to a Western man that the railroads of his country seemed to me rather rough. "Wal, yes," said he, "guess they air; trains do jump about some. It's a'most enough for us if they keep anywhere between the two fences. Guess that wou'dn't suit in England." When I told him that we did, indeed, look for something more than a mere avoidance of trespass on neighboring fields, and liked, as far as possible, to adhere to the metals—"Ah! yes," he said, "that's so—in an old country, and a darned small one. But we ain't partikler out here. No, sir. 'Twouldn't pay us, I guess," and jolted on in his contentment.

When we got on our downward course, within sixty or seventy miles of the Missouri, the country became less bare. Patches of wood, farms and houses now appeared with more frequency. But as the landscape grew tamer, the sky grew more lowering and dark; and before we got to the high bluffs on one side, and the dense stunted growth of woods that mark the course of the Missouri on the other, the rain came down in a torrent.

About three in the afternoon, we stopped at the town of Council Bluffs, which stands on the east side of the Missouri, right opposite the more prosperous Omaha. The town of Council Bluffs is built at the foot of some bold and steep banks, which have evidently been at some time the boundary of the river; but now the Missouri, being a wayward and wandering stream, has moved off to see what the Omaha side of the valley is like, and has left Council Bluffs high and dry.

An election had been fought there that day, and the Democratic Party, having beaten their foes, were marching past in triumphant procession, just as our train came to a halt in the station. A band of musicians went with them, and at their head displayed the proud stars and stripes. As they passed us quite close, this display of the flag of the Union provoked a good deal of banter from our Republican writers. Many inquiries were put to the Democrats, asking "what they had done to earn the use of that flag?" "whether they had liked it as well a year or two before, when it had to be fought for?" "hadn't they disowned it when it cost a good deal, and sneaked in, after all, to get it half-price?" till, at last, one Republican editor hit upon a more subtle torture for the wretched procession by calling out all our black waiters, inciting them with a cry of "Boys, look at those copperhead slavery men, with the free flag of the Union before them!" and so rousing the scorn of the negroes, that the Democrats were routed at once, fairly grinning off the ground by white rows of teeth and inextinguishable African laughter.

The crossing of the Missouri was a most tedious business. The rain poured down heavily; the low flat banks were deeply covered with mud, and the dull, muddy stream, spreading broadly before us, looked cheerless and repulsive as a river could look. But there, in full view, was the town of Omaha, rising up the opposite bank; and, after thirty hours of the cars, and meals taken in a train bowling along at full speed, the sight of a town and the idea of a hotel were strong sustainers of the spirits.

What delayed us, I know not; for the steam ferry-boat lay at hand, apparently ready. There was the most important business, to be sure—and a most important business it is in America—of receiving a deputation from the town of Council Bluffs; but as the young gentleman who acted as spokesman merely regretted that the election prevented his town from entertaining our party—offering us, instead, its best compliments and a small keg of its whisky—the delay need not have been long. Mr. Train, however, seized on this small ceremonial, and turned it to account by making a very long speech, and going through a considerable amount of buffoonery. So passed an hour on board the ferry. Then we got across, and were turned out upon mud-banks of a more solemn dreariness, and more deeply tenacious, than any hitherto met.

Both Council Bluffs and Omaha are considerable towns; the latter claims (or then claimed) from twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants, but neither has any wharfage at all. The steamers and vessels of all kinds simply run against the mud. There would be great difficulty, it is said, in making permanent quays—the Missouri is so fond of undermining or circumventing its banks, and thus changing its course. At the time of our visit, the people of both towns were keenly interested in a scheme for building a bridge, which was all that was wanted to enable passengers to go right through from Chicago to the uttermost West without changing cars.

SNUFFED OUT.

A SUMMER ADVENTURE.

I REALLY didn't know where to pass my Summer, but certainly felt that I couldn't stay in town. In the midst of my doubt came a delicious little note from Cousin Tilly, whom I hadn't seen since her marriage. She was living in a charming cottage near the railway station called H—ville, and her note was a pressing invitation to visit her. "It is really Paradise here," she said. "We are in the middle of a wood, and there isn't a neighbor nearer than two miles. This will suit your taste for solitude to a degree. And my husband, dear old Marmaduke, is so anxious to meet you! He is talking about you from morning till night, asking me the most ridiculous questions; and I am positively weary of them, so you must come and answer them for yourself." There was a good deal more of Tilly's letter in the same strain. I resolved to accept her invitation, and instantly proceeded to make ready.

Cousin Tilly and her Marmaduke met me at the station. She looked, I thought, rather prettier than ever—a trifle sunburnt, perhaps; but no great harm done by that. Her Marmaduke I took to be about forty-five, though he seemed younger. I suspect now that Marmy dyed his hair and mustache, and wore false teeth. However, he was evidently a very good fellow, in spite of his teeth, and I liked him the moment I put my eyes on him. So we all drove over to the cottage together, and by eight o'clock in the evening we were as intimate and comfortable, and I as much at home, as if I had been living there for a year.

It was not till next morning that I noticed how very odd Marmaduke's manner was. He was thoughtful and absent-minded; he was abruptly vivacious, and then abruptly sunk in gloom; in fact, he was everything by the suddenness of starts, and nothing long. "Certainly," said I to myself, "Cousin Tilly has married a very eccentric man." We went out into the garden together to ruthlessly massacre all the snails we could find, and you may imagine my surprise to see Marmy, instead of killing the little reptiles, put them carefully into his pockets. You may also perhaps conceive my astonishment at finding Marmy catching bees, under the impression that they were butterflies, and throwing all the coin he had about him to the chickens, fancy-

ing it was their customary food, and offering me obese tomatoes, under the delusion that they were apples. To confess the truth, I at length began to suspect that Marmy was a little disordered in the head; and I almost wished I hadn't come.

"It is very lonely here," I mused, "and if you were in any sort of danger you might scream till you were hoarse and nobody would answer. Suppose this extraordinary man should determine to murder one some night!" Really I felt quite nervous.

But that evening, after cousin Tilly had retired, Marmy made himself and me some mint juleps. They were very pleasant, and we sat on the little terrace, sipping them, far into the night. The tree-frogs and crickets and whip-poor-wills were going it at a great rate, and the stars were shining brightly, and the whole scene was romantic. Suddenly Marmaduke seized me by the arm, and, fastening his eyes upon me, said in a whisper:

"Are you a man to be troubled with a secret?" "I don't deny that I experienced a curious creeping sensation over me as if somebody were leisurly emptying a watering-pot down my back. But I managed to gasp out:

"I—I suppose so."

"Well, sir, I have a horrible secret to disclose—something truly frightful! Don't shudder now; but wait till you have heard me out. You will shudder indeed, then!"

Pleasant, this! Perhaps he had killed somebody and buried the body in his cellar, or hidden it in the icehouse, and was about to call upon me to help him disinter it and carry it elsewhere. I nearly fainted.

"Sir," he continued, "I am a criminal!"

I knew it! I saw it all. He would make a confidant of me, the crime must inevitably be discovered, I should be tried as an accomplice, and the pair of us hung? But I would avoid hearing the secret now, under the pretense that I would listen patiently on the morrow. In the meanwhile, after he had gone to bed, I would get out of the window of my room and fly.

"I feel so sleepy to-night," I said, rising. "Suppose we have a conference in the morning."

"No!" he said, grasping my arm. "I cannot sleep until I have unburdened myself. Besides, I wish your aid, and there is no time to lose."

I sank back into my seat, heart-sick and in despair. And this the second night of my stay!

He glanced around, and then, lowering his voice still further, went on:

"You know, my dear fellow, when I married your cousin Tilly there was but one objection to me—my name. Her parents objected to her wedding a man by the name of Marmaduke Skylark. Very foolish of them you will say, still it was the fact. Well, sir, nobody knew anything worse of me than that; but, sir, there was something a great deal worse! In short, I was a flirt, a confirmed flirt, an outrageous flirt—and, sir, in marrying Tilly I was jilting Nelly. For Tilly I jilted Mrs. Nelly Blossom, the very finest woman in the world—after Tilly."

It is needless to say that I now felt considerably relieved. After a pause he resumed:

"I had made the deepest kind of love to Nelly—had vowed, too, on my bended knee, to adore her for ever—had even written her a dozen of the wildest sort of love-letters. In the face of all this, without a word of explanation, I deliberately became the husband of Tilly!"

I felt it my duty to be severe with Marmaduke for this rakish conduct, and so I said, sternly:

"This is very sad business—very sad. You have doubtless blighted that lovely woman's happiness for life. Possibly in a moment of frenzied despair she might even seek the bourn whence no—"

"Pooh! Humbug! Not she. She meditates a different course. In short, she is coming here to show the love-letters I wrote to my wife."

"What of that? You deserve it; but what of that?"

"What of that?" he echoed, amazed. "Simply this: Tilly wouldn't live with me another minute. Firm as her affection for me is, the sight of one of those disgraceful missives would pulverize it. I should be a ruined Skylark. Now, my dear friend, my fate is in your hands: you can save me."

"Undoubtedly you; and that is one of the reasons why I was so anxious to have you visit me. I said to myself that you were the man to save me. I said so a number of times, and I say it now again."

"I really don't see—"

"Of course not; but I shall point out the way. Moreover, I shall reward you magnificently afterward. My plan is this: During the week I expect my sister Bella to pay me a visit. Now, you and Bella must instantly become the best of friends—and, in fact, I don't care if you make up your minds to fall desperately in love with each other. Then together you must confront the widow, and by hook or crook obtain my letters from her."

"But what will you and Tilly be doing all this while?"

"In New York. We start to-morrow. I have arranged everything with Tilly, and she suspects nothing. By next week you and Bella will have concerted a course of action. Mrs. Blossom will appear, the letters will be recovered, she will go away, I and my wife will return."

"And my reward?" I asked.

"Bella's hand in marriage. She is not pretty, but rich, and a treasure—in short, a second edition of myself. There!" he said, shaking my hand heartily, "that's liberality itself; and now promise me."

This was rather a conceited speech of Marmy's; but I promised. I mentally determined that I would try to get the letters from the widow at any rate, but whether I should accept the proffered reward afterward would depend on circumstances.

Well, next day Marmaduke and Tilly went away, leaving me at the cottage alone, with the exception of the cook; and I do think I never was so dreadfully bored in all my life. I made a desperate effort to sleep away the time, but it failed, and for the two or three following days I was obliged to cultivate patience. At length, one afternoon late, I descried a lady on horseback at the gate—a very handsome and dashing lady.

Marmy's sister at last!

I ran down quickly, helped her to alight, threw her horse's bridle over my arm, and we walked up to the house together. I felt that I had best be as easy in my manner toward my companion as possible. We should get on much better so.

"I have been awaiting your arrival very impatiently," I said.

"Indeed!" she answered, smiling, and showing beautiful teeth.

"Yes; Marmy had prepared me to expect you. He left everything in my hands until you should come."

"Isn't he here?" she asked, surprised.

"No. Important business called him to New York. But," I added, rather slyly, "no doubt we can do without him. For my part, I am not a bit sorry he is out of the way."

She seemed still more surprised, and also considerably amused at this observation of mine; but, the fact is, I had determined not to be too bashful and timid with this young lady—because she really

was something handsome, and if she had all the money Marmy had credited her with—the reward he spoke of might not be wholly unacceptable, after all. In truth, since the last few minutes, I had altered my views with regard to the prospective reward entirely.

"I don't see how we can do without him," she answered. "It is certainly very odd treatment of me, for he was perfectly aware that I was coming."

"So he was, undoubtedly, and he told me to offer a thousand apologies. Said he, 'I place my sister in your charge. When she comes, make her at home.' Miss Skylark, I shall try to carry out his wishes. You may rely upon me for that."

My patronizing manners must have sat on me but indifferently well, for the young lady's laughter became uncontrollable. I blushed, and grew a trifle irritated.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I am sure," she apologized, still smiling. "I am very foolish to laugh so. Grotesque ideas come into my mind sometimes, even in the course of the most serious conversation. Well, I depend on you to make my stay agreeable, sir."

I certainly put forth my best efforts to that end. Bella Skylark proved herself in the next two hours a perfect enchantress. She played and sang, making me sing with her, and talked, and conducted herself in such a fascinating way generally, that when I retired at night I began to think I was falling in love with her. When I awoke on the following morning I found myself fully in love; and then suddenly recurred the remembrance of that confounded widow, Mrs. Blossom! She would be along soon to interrupt this bliss. I determined to mention her to Bella at once.

"Miss Skylark," said I, after breakfast, "man is mortal, and liable to err, and Marmaduke is a man. I will be frank with you. When he married his present wife he jilted another lady."

"The scamp!" she exclaimed.

"Don't be hard on him, for he is punished enough already," I answered, and then told her all. I supposed she would be indignant with her brother; but she took quite a different view of the matter—in fact, appeared to look upon it as a joke. She laughed unrestrainedly—and such a silvery laugh as she had!

"And so this horrible widow Blossom is coming here with Marmy's love-letters, is she?"

"Yes; and Marmy has fled in terror. He relies upon us to obtain the damaging correspondence."

Bella shook her head.

"I am sorry; but I would not dare encounter that widow. I am very nervous, and the sight of her would throw me into convulsions. No, no. You must not ask me."

I remonstrated, but in vain, and I was now too much in love to think of distressing this lovely woman, so we arranged that, at the first intimation of the approach of Mrs. Blossom, Bella should take flight for the little hotel at the H—ville Station.

About noon I descried a wagon coming up the lane, in which were seated two figures—a male and a female. My heart sank, and I felt rather frightened. However, I quickly warned Bella, saddled her horse, and started her off at the other side of the cottage. As she clattered away I kissed my hand to her, and she threw the kiss back. Oh, rapture! I felt my courage return, and, in short, Richard was once more entirely himself.

The wagon trundled up to the front door, and there stopped. An old man descended, and helped out a lady—the widow, evidently. But such a creature! No wonder was it that Marmy had preferred Tilly, reckless of consequences; for Mrs. Blossom was terrible to look upon. She was tall, thin and angular; had a sour face and a harsh voice, like a parrot's exactly; and, worse than all, she carried an umbrella that must have struck terror in the soul of anybody.

"So!" she said, after paying the man, and ordering him off; "so! This is how I am received, is it?" She advanced toward me. "Where is Marmaduke Skylark?"

Now, for assurance I thought this wasn't bad. Marmy had jilted her; but that gave her no right to walk into his house in this manner; and I determined to let her know it.

"He's not at home," I answered, abruptly.

"Indeed! Run away when he heard I was coming, eh?"

I was really angry, and anger made me courageous. I determined to be as plain as possible.

"He did not run away. He went away, and, I confess, to avoid you. He left me here to deal with you instead."

By this I wished her to understand that she should find me a very different sort of person from Marmaduke.

"You, eh? Well, if you please, I shall go into the house—my house."

"Your house, madame? Pardon me, this is Mr. Skylark's house."

"Mine as much as his, sir. Everything he has is as much mine as his. Therefore, be so good as to let me pass. I intend to take possession."

Cool, upon my word! "Now," thought I, "if she once gets in there'll be no getting her out again. She might resolve to remain here for ever. This would be a horrible state of things, and Marmy would never forgive me. Possession is nine points of the law, and I shall endeavor to retain it."

"Madame," said I, frankly, "you can't enter."

"What!" she screamed, grasping the umbrella firmly. "Ah, ha, sir! These are fine doings. You deny me admission, do you?"

"I do distinctly."

"I understand your motive. You are determined—"

"My motive is an honest one, madame. You have no business here, so you had better go away."

This inflamed her to fury. She charged upon me with the umbrella, and I was forced to retreat. In short, she gained the parlor, and there took off her wraps, evidently intending to remain.

"Now, sir," she said, "I will tell you something. From Marmaduke Skylark's conduct, in combination with yours, I suspect that the intention is to defraud me out of my just rights. He promised me half his estate, and, of course, broke that promise, like many others. I forgave him on condition that I should have an annuity while he lived, and a full share of his property when he died. He has evidently left me out of the will. I am going to find that will, and destroy it. Then I am going for him! Ha! when we meet there will be a reckoning truly terrible! I will not spare him—never!"

I began to see through all this—the woman was evidently insane. She whirled the umbrella round her head in the wildest manner imaginable, stamped her foot, and grinned hideously.

"The will!" she continued. "I am determined to find it, even if I tear the house down. I begin at once, and oppose me if you dare!"

Oppose her! I should as soon think of opposing a buffalo. She fell upon her knees before a little secretary that was in the room, and began to pick the lock with a pair of scissors.

I thought it best to consult with Bella, leaving the lunatic at her work in the meanwhile.

"Madame, I protest against this," I said. "I am

going from the house. I warn you that there is law in the land."

"Law! I defy laws! I repeat that I will turn this house topsy-turvy to find that will. When you come back you may gaze upon a scene of universal destruction, so be prepared for it."

I quitted her, and walked rapidly over to the H—ville Station. At the hotel I, of course, saw Bella, and told her all. She positively began laughing again.

"It's all very well to laugh, Bella," I said, rather hurt at her levity; "but she is bent on destroying the cottage."

Bella controlled herself, and answered:

"Telegraph for instructions to Marmaduke. I will dictate the despatch."

I agreed, and the telegram was as follows:

"The widow is here. She has taken possession of the cottage, and threatens to raze it to the ground. She is evidently insane. What must I do?"

In a little while the reply came:

"If she attempts to destroy my property, secure her at all hazards. I am coming by the next train."

This was decisive. Bella suggested next that I should return to the cottage and see what had occurred. A capital idea, and I followed it. But the sight that met my gaze! The dreadful lunatic had faithfully kept her word. She had opened every desk, cupboard, bureau and stand in the house, had cut open the horse-hair seats of the chairs and flung their contents on the floor, and was now actually tearing up the carpets.

I retired and reported to Bella. Once more she burst into shrieks of silvery laughter!

"Indeed, Marmaduke will think it no joke, I assure you," said I.

But this charming creature was ready with a third admirable suggestion:

"Marmy's orders are to secure this mad woman," she said, "therefore you had better do so without delay. I think if you could obtain the services of two men who would throw something over her head suddenly, and thus—"

I saw what she meant in an instant. One of those tall clothes-baskets would be the very thing—an admirable extinguisher!

Immediately I hastened out to find this article and the two men. No time should be lost, for the maniac might suddenly take a notion to set fire to the cottage. I offered a good round sum, and found all I needed—two lusty colored men and a tall clothes-basket.

With these I hastened, now very tired indeed, once more to the cottage. She was still there, covered with dust, her hair tumbled, her eyes wild, her form tremulous with passion. She had just driven off the servant with her umbrella for remonstrating against the wholesale destruction we witnessed.

I stationed my two myrmidons outside. They were to come in by the door at a given signal, very cautiously, and at a second sign to clap on the extinguisher, place it on its side, and close the bottom.

I entered.

"Well, madame, you have faithfully carried out your reckless intentions, I perceive," I said.

"I have."

"Are you not afraid of the law?"

I signaled. My trusty knaves crept in carefully behind her.

"The law! I despise the law. I want justice."

"Law first, justice afterward," I rejoined, signaling again.

The next instant the basket was over her head, and she was snuffed out!

I must confess that I never heard such screaming in my life before, nor witnessed such struggles to escape. But neither availed. My men were powerful. She was covered up, the basket was laid upon its side, and at that moment who should appear, dripping with perspiration, red-faced and round-eyed, breathless with excitement, but Marmaduke!

He looked around and wrung his hands.

"This is horrible!" he gasped. "I never thought she would be guilty of this. I hope she is perfectly safe."

"Perfectly. Do you care to see her?"

"Yes—if there is no danger of a personal attack."

"My men," I said, with some pride, "are powerful enough to make that fear needless."

They opened the basket, having previously turned it upside-down, so that it stood upon its proper foundation, and the maniac's head appeared above the top.

She glared upon Marmaduke like a Gorgon.

"Fiend!" she exclaimed. "Demon!"

"Why—why?" he said, choking, "this is Bella Skylark, my own dear sister!"

"What!" I exclaimed, as if I had been shot.

"I repeat, my sister, sir. What is the meaning of your villainous conduct toward her?"

"Your sister! Why, then, who is Mrs. Blossom?"

"I am Mrs. Blossom," answered a voice from behind us.

We turned—but you may easily guess it all. I had, in the first place, stupidly mistaken Mrs. Blossom for Marmy's sister. The mischievous widow had readily taken the joke, and this accounted for her ceaseless laughter. Poor Miss Skylark was the victim of my ridiculous error, and Marmaduke, as he deserved to be, the worst sufferer of all!

OUT OF THE PAST.

ANECDOTES OF MACREADY.

THE death of William Charles Macready reminds us of several anecdotes of this famous actor which have hitherto been unpublished. In my earlier days I frequently met him at the houses of our common friends, and with that hero-worship so characteristic of youth, was much impressed by seeing one of my favorite actors in "the disguise of a private gentleman." I have never seen a man who was more unlike an actor than this brilliant and striking representative of *William Tell*, *Rob Roy*, and their kindred characters. He was the ideal of a solemn parson, and not the hero of melodrama. To look at those witty and jocose clergymen, Sidney Smith, and Richard Barham, better known as the author of the "Inchiquin Legends," a stranger would take Macready to be a bishop starchy up to the Thirty-nine Articles, while the two clergymen might be well mistaken for actors of the low comedian class. The eyes of Sidney Smith (a prebend of St. Paul's) and those of Barham (a canon of the same cathedral) ran over with the fun which revealed within them, while the actor was a model of elaborate gravity. The personified appearance of Macready was very much heightened by his invariably dressing in black, with a white necktie. I never remember seeing him laugh, the nearest ap-

proach to that achievement being a frozen smile, which, slowly gathering on his countenance, gradually disappeared. Nevertheless, he was a just and kind-hearted man when his own personal dignity was not trespassed on.

Outside his household he had the art of inspiring respect, but not affection, although his wife and family loved him tenderly. He never suffered his children to see him perform, and it was only on rare occasions that he would permit his first wife, who had been in her early youth an actress, to witness any of his histrionic triumphs.

His studied resemblance to a clergyman once exposed him to a most annoying *contretemps*.

At a dinner-party given by Sergeant Talfourd, the well-known lawyer and dramatist, Macready sat next to a gentleman who, deceived by the dress and gravity of the great actor, made the common error of taking him for a clergyman. The conversation turned upon the authorship of the Letters of Junius. Among other incidents, the visitor mentioned the strange fact, that, when George III. had privately requested David Garrick, the actor, to do his best to discover the authorship of these terrible letters, the fact of his having a private interview with the monarch was known in the course of a few hours, for, just as Garrick was going on the stage to perform one of his favorite characters, a letter was handed to him which had been left at the stage-door. It ran thus: "Sir—So the tyrant has sent for you, to endeavor to penetrate my mystery. Mark me, vagabond—!" (Here Macready's companion looked him full in the face, little knowing the sting he was inflicting, and said, as he pronounced the word "vagabond," alluding to his profession as an actor—"for, by an Act of the British Parliament actors are termed 'vagabonds.'")

The distress of the worthy man was excessive when he found out, later in the evening, with whom he had been conversing. When the story got abroad there was a grin of satisfaction at the infliction, as Macready's arrogance of manner had rendered him generally disliked, excepting by a few of his most intimate friends.

It was a great misfortune for both Dickens and Macready that they suffered from the affliction of several foibles, who, for their own selfish ends, fooled them to the top of their bent. The most dangerous of these was John Forster, for many years the literary editor of the London *Examiner*. Although a man of great and varied ability, his low birth (he was the son of a butcher) had exercised a depressing influence upon his moral nature, so that, like Sir Pertinax McSycophant, "he never could stand upright in the presence of a great man."

It was a toss-up for which of his two idols Forster would endure the most. Browning, the poet, who was a great observer, solved the difficulty.

"I think," said the author of the "Red Cotton Nightcap Country," "that for Dickens, Forster would be roasted alive at a slow fire, and, like one of the saints of old, glory in his agonies; but for Macready, I think he would willingly be skinned first, and then roasted, and basted in his own fat."

As John Forster is a very corpulent man of genius, this definition seemed to carry martyrdom into the highest range! The very seventh heaven of St. Simeon Stylites-ism.

Among this great actor's affectations was the habit he had of pretending to underrate himself when he was praised. This led to a ludicrous mistake which Wordsworth, the poet, made when Macready paid him a visit at Rydal Mount.

Talfourd, alluding to the great actor's visit to the old bard, asked Wordsworth how he liked him. The simple-minded Lakist replied in nearly these words: "He is a very modest and diffident man, without the slightest conceit or opinion of himself. He is a bad actor, and he knows it; indeed, he as much confessed so to me!"

Talfourd, who well knew that a more arrogant man and one who had an overweening opinion of his own transcendent merits never lived than Macready, was inexpressibly tickled by the simplicity of the old poet.

THE SEARCH FOR THE "POLARIS."

THE Navy Department has treated the *Polaris* matter in a grand, gloomy and eminently peculiar manner. The examination of the survivors was conducted in private, and only favorable portions of the evidence permitted to find its way to the public. The charges that the *Polaris* was unseaworthy when she started on her Arctic expedition, and that her rations were of such an inferior quality that the greater part had to be thrown overboard, have not been met.

The public knows entirely too little of this important case. The civilian sailor at the head of the Navy Department had the survivors hurried off to a frigid farm in Maine under naval escort, that there should be no leaking of dangerous information. Even the widow of Captain Hall was not permitted an interview with any of the Esquimaux, to learn the particulars of her husband's death. And it was noticed that when the party was at the Brooklyn Navy Yard the principal witnesses suddenly became as close-mouthed as an oyster, after dropping significant words. The suppression of the actual facts in the case, in which the entire circle of scientific thought is interested, is only a repetition of our modern Republican practices.

While keeping suspiciously dark on the evidence of Joe and Hannah, the New Jersey tar made haste to create an exhibition of official anxiety. Orders were given to prepare the United States ship *Junata* for the search for the *Polaris*. Then the *Tigress*, a British whaler, was purchased for \$60,000, without authority, but with the highly interesting condition that, if she returned right side up, the generous Englishman would take her back for the consideration of \$40,000.

The *Tigress* is expected to remain north until the *Polaris*, her crew, or both, are discovered. The *Junata*, which sailed on the 24th of June for Disco, and reached St. Johns, Newfoundland, on July 9th, is expected to return in October, at the latest.

THE RESCUE VESSELS.

The *Junata* is commanded by D. L. Brame. He was appointed a midshipman in the navy from Texas, May 30th, 1846; promoted to passed midshipman, June 8th, 1852; to master, in 1855; commissioned lieutenant, September 15th, 1858; lieutenant-commander, July 15th, 1862; and commander, July 25th, 1866. He commanded the *Monticello*, North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, at the opening of the war, and participated in an engagement with a rebel battery of five guns at Sewell's Point, Va., May 19th, 1861, being the first naval fight of the rebellion. At the attack on and capture of Forts Hatteras and Clark, in October, 1861, he engaged the enemy above the Cape, exchanged shots with their gunboats, dispersed with effect two regiments of infantry, sunk two barges, and rescued the Twentieth Indiana Regiment, then surrounded by the enemy. He commanded the

Pequot in the attack on Fort Fisher, and the works on Cape Fear River. In June, 1869, he was assigned to duty in the Equipment Department of the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

The pilot of the *Junata* is said to be Captain James M. Buddington, uncle of Captain Hall's successor of the same name. He is credited with the rescue of the British ship *Resolute*, which was sent out to obtain, if possible, the remains of Sir John Franklin, and abandoned in Davis Straits. He was at the time on a whaling voyage. His experience in extreme northern seas is regarded as exceedingly valuable.

The *Tigress* is to be commanded by James A. Greer, who was born in Ohio, and appointed midshipman from that State, June 10th, 1848. He was promoted to passed midshipman, June 15th, 1854; master, in 1855; commissioned as lieutenant-commander, September 16th, 1855; and commander, July 15th, 1866. When the war broke out he was off the coast of Africa, watching the South American slave traffic. In 1862-3, was on special service in the sloop-of-war *St. Louis*; and in 1863-4, attached to the Mississippi Squadron. During the passage of Vicksburg he commanded the ironclad *Benton*, in Admiral Porter's division, and subsequently took part in the Red River expedition. In 1866 he was in command of the steamer *Mohengo*, of the North Pacific Squadron, and in 1869 ordered to ordnance duty at Philadelphia. He was detached from the Naval Academy for this special work.

THE OUTFIT FOR THE CREW.

The *Tigress* will carry out hundreds of boxes of canned fruits, preserved meats, desiccated vegetables, assorted soups, concentrated meat essences, canned oysters and lobsters. Officers and men are provided with full suits of heavy pilot cloth and sheepskin. The latter are made with the wool out. The coat reaches to the middle of the thigh. It has no opening in front, but is slipped over the head like a shirt. The neck-hole is large, and attached to it is a hood that covers the head and most of the face when pulled up. The sleeves are long enough to fall below the hand, and, with thick fur mittens on the hands, the body of the wearer is absolutely impervious to the air. The pantaloons are also made of wool out. They reach just below the knee, where they are met by lambskin stockings, woolly side in. Over the latter sealskin buskins are to be worn. Incased in such a suit, the wearer will be armed at all points against the Arctic frosts.

For sleeping each man is furnished with a sheepskin bag, intended to envelop him from the feet to considerably beyond the head. There is still another casing made of rubber, to be used outside the sheepskin while camping out. The medical stores are not very extensive in assortment, as scurvy is the most dreaded possibility. Besides the provisions, which are anti-scorbutic, about fifty gallons of lime-juice will be taken.

APPARATUS FOR ARCTIC USE.

Two ice-saws and a large assortment of ordinary ice-hooks constitute the outfit for fighting the floes. The ice-saw, a formidable instrument, is twenty feet long, with teeth an inch deep.

A peculiar portion of the ship's cargo, however, and extremely suggestive of her mission and its possible extent, are eight sledge-runners. These are made of two and a half inch spruce plank, and are each about sixteen feet long, by about twelve inches deep. They are sloped or cut away at either end, so as to resemble rudely the runner of a train-sled. These points are capped with band iron, and the lower or friction edge of the runner, which comes in direct contact with the snow, is shod with a band of whalebone about half or three-quarters of an inch in thickness. This becomes very smooth after a little use, and is much lighter than an iron shoeing would be. The upper edges of the runners are pierced with numerous holes. The bed or bottom of the sled is composed of slats of tough wood about five feet in length, and curved so as to resemble barrel-staves. The ends of the slats are provided with two notches, and these ends will be tightly bound with thongs to the upper edges of the runners, the thongs being interlaced through the holes above described. These sledges are built after the most approved Esquimaux fashion, and one of them will carry fifteen or twenty persons. In the event of their being called into requisition to search over ice for the *Polaris*, each sledge would carry four or five persons and all the clothing and provisions they would need for a ten days' journey. Fifteen to twenty-five dogs are needed for each sledge, according to the weight or number of persons to be carried.

The officers and men will number about forty, and as nothing but hand work is expected, all superfluous assistance will be ignored. It is expected the *Tigress* will sail about the 18th of July.

THE MONSTERS' TABLE.

THERE now exists in Paris a cheap table d'hôte for the reception of strange guests. It goes by the name of the Monsters' Table. All those unfortunate persons who live by the display their physical infirmities come here to dine together, and avoid the attention they would attract elsewhere. The skeleton man pours out the "vin a quat sous" for the bearded woman, the great Norman giantess flirts with Riquet a la houppe, and the Sugar Loaf, whose pointed head is more than eighteen inches from the crown to the chin, sits smoking with the King of the Animals, so called from his coating of fur. Made-up monsters are excluded from the symposium; so are strangers, and it is said that intruders have met with such a warm reception from the hideous shapes assembled around the board, that they left, on making their escape, as though they had just been released from one of the circles of Dante's "Inferno." The French journal which describes the dreary assemblage adds information "not generally known." These monstrosities, it observes, are seldom natural, but are the work of "English specialists," who turn out these sad spectacles to order at the bidding of mercenary parents. This revelation ought to produce national humiliation, mortification and prostration, if anything will. This is what comes of reading "L'Homme qui Rit."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

State Ball at Buckingham Palace to the Shah.

We present to our readers today a picture of the State Ball, given by order of Queen Victoria, at Buckingham Palace to the Shah of Persia, on Wednesday, the 25th of June. The Persian monarch was, of course, present, accompanied by his Highness Hajee Meerza Hussein Khan (the *Sadr Azim*), by their Royal Highnesses the Prince Abdul Samed Meerza, the Prince

Feerooz Meerza, and the Prince Imam Koollee Meerza, and attended by the principal members of his suite. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Czarowitch and the Czarevna, and attended by a numerous suite, arrived at the palace from Marlborough House. The Duke of Edinburgh, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Marquis of Lorne, Prince Arthur, the Duke of Cambridge, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck, were present at the ball. The usual state ceremonial was observed. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Shah and the Persian princes, and by the other imperial and royal personages, conducted by the Lord Chamberlain and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the respective suites, entered the saloon at a quarter before eleven o'clock, when dancing commenced. Mr. D. Godfrey's band was in attendance, conducted by himself. The Princess of Wales and the Grand Duchess Czarevna wore dresses of rich white satin and tulle, with draperies and volants of gold tissue, trimmed with gold lace and plumes of *crêpe* lisse, with wreaths of green and straw, ivy leaves and berries. The Princess of Wales wore a tiara of diamonds, a corsage, necklace and bracelets of pearls and diamonds, and the orders of Victoria and Albert, the Persian order of the Sun, and the Danish family order. The Czarevna wore a tiara of pearls and diamonds, ornaments of pearls and diamonds, and the Persian order of the Sun and the Danish family order. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein wore a satin dress, handsomely trimmed with pink roses and tulle. Her address, diamond tiara, ornaments, pearls and diamonds; orders of Victoria and Albert, St. Isabel of Portugal, the Saxe Coburg and Gotha family order, and the Prussian order of Merit for ladies. The invitations numbered upward of fifteen hundred.

The British Fleet Receiving the Shah at Dover, England.

The great point of England's reception of the Shah of Persia has been to neutralize the material force of Russia. Some years ago, at the commencement of the present Shah's reign, England sent an army to chastise some invasion of one of its vassal's territories, and the ruler of Persia was obliged to make peace at the mouth of British cannon. The ease with which England can land an army at some accessible point to Persia was a fact to be again impressed upon the mind of the Eastern monarch, and this lesson was set forth on his arrival. On the morning of June 18th, the royal yacht, containing him, Sir Henry Rawlinson, and some of his chief officers, steamed in sight of the chalky cliffs of England, and was welcomed by the largest collection of ironclads ever gathered together. The city of Dover was gayly decorated and crowded with visitors, and everything bore the aspect of a holiday. As the Shah landed, salutes were fired from the fleet and shore. He was received by the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Arthur. Then the Mayor and Corporation of the City presented an address to him, which he acknowledged in fitting terms. The Shah and British princes then took a special train for London, where they were received by the Prince of Wales and other dignitaries of the British Court. He dined in the evening at Marlborough House with the Prince of Wales.

The Shah Receiving the Address of the City of London in Guildhall.

After the Shah had dined in private at Buckingham Palace, he went in the evening to the Lord Mayor's sumptuous entertainment, the ball at Guildhall. Nearly three thousand guests had been invited in honor of the occasion. The Guildhall, King Street, London, and leading out of Cheapside, is one of those historical halls celebrated for six centuries for banquets to the great personages of European fame. Here Edward III. entertained his prisoner, King John of France, while the Black Prince waited upon his vanquished foe at table, a piece of ostentatious chivalry in keeping with those barbaric days of splendor. One of the great historical repasts was in 1814, after the abdication of the First Napoleon, when the Prince Regent of England entertained the allied sovereigns of Europe, to celebrate the overthrow of the great Corsican; and every year, on the 9th of November, the Lord Mayor of London feasts the foreign ambassadors, the Cabinet Ministers and the *élite* of British society. The old hall is a noble apartment, lofty and spacious. On the western end are the two renowned wooden statues of Gog and Magog, the traditional giants of England. There is a nursery legend that these hideous statues came down every day at noon to enjoy their dinner, and Leigh Hunt gives a humorous account of the disappointment he felt when his nurse took him, in his young days, to see them step off their pedestals to enjoy their food. This nurse quoted him for their failing to carry out their part of the programme by saying that she supposed they were not hungry that day. Our space will not allow us to enumerate the guests. They comprised all the notabilities of London, native and foreign, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Czarowitch of Russia and his fair bride, the Princess Dagmar of Denmark, the sons of Queen Victoria, the Duke of Cambridge—in a word, all the fashionables and celebrities were present. To such an indolent people as the Persians it must have seemed the height of absurdity to see persons who could afford to pay others to dance for them undergo the physical exertion of those gymnastics called waltzes, Germans, polkas, etc.—and the reporters have not enlightened us as to this Persian king's private opinion on the subject. It must, however, have seemed superbly ridiculous to that benighted Asiatic satrap, although his Grand Vizier may have counseled him to keep his opinion to himself. In a more artistic point of view, all concur that the *mise-en-scène* was superb, and nearly equal to the "Black Crook." As a part of current history, we reproduce the spectacle of the successor of Whittington entertaining the descendants of Xerxes and Darius. At a signal from the Lord Mayor the deputy recorder read the address, which Sir Henry Rawlinson interpreted to the Shah in Persian, who made a reply, which Sir Henry reduced into English. After this the Shah was led to his seat of state, whence, after an hour's dancing, he was conducted to the Council Chamber of Guildhall, where the supper was laid for the most distinguished guests.

Queen Victoria Receiving the Shah of Persia at Windsor Castle, England.

Seldom has the meanness of self-interest been more apparent of late years than in the reception of that singularly coarse barbarian, the Shah of Persia, by the British Government. It has been the hard lot of Queen Victoria to give two notable evidences of how far state reasons must outweigh womanly pride and delicacy. We allude to her reception of the late Emperor Louis Napoleon, and her recent reception of the Shah of Persia. Of the two, we should suppose the latter to have been the bitterest pill of the two, since Louis Napoleon, despite his *coup d'état*, was a polished and intellectual gentleman, the representative of the greatest name in modern history; while the Shah, from all accounts, seems to be the coarsest kind of despot. There are some places on the globe in which an American can take joint pride with an Englishman—since they belong historically and ancestrally to him—and it must be confessed that the memories of this grand old pile are worthy of both nations. On the 24th of June the Shah and his suite visited Windsor Castle, where he was received by the Queen in great state. In the afternoon a review of the household troops was held. In addition to the Queen, there were present the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Czarowitch and his wife, the Princess Dagmar, the Duke of Cambridge, and many other illustrious persons. The crowd of spectators was immense.

PERSONAL.

DON CARLOS has ordered the arrest of the Curé of Santa Cruz.

RICHARD B. KIMBALL has received the degree of LL.D. from Dartmouth College.

THE author of the German Press Law is Privy-Councillor Schelling, son of the philosopher.

PROFESSOR THOMAS D. BAIRD, Principal of Baltimore City College, died July 9th, aged fifty-four.

MR. JOHN H. CLIFFORD has been re-elected President of the Board of Directors of Harvard College.

M. STAMPELL, the Swiss member of the Geneva Tribunal, has been dangerously ill, but is now recovered.

THE President has appointed Mrs. S. S. Farrell Postmaster at Covington, Ky., in place of Jesse R. Grant, deceased.

THE Shah of Persia, during his sojourn in Berlin, conferred the Order of the Sun on a number of artists and authors.

PROFESSOR J. J. BUTLER, of Bates Theological School, has been elected to the professorship of Sacred Literature in Hillsdale College, Michigan.

REAR-ADMIRAL JAMES ALDEN, of Maine, will be wholly retired from the service on his return to the United States from the European squadron, on account of age.

GOVERNOR WASHBURN, of Wisconsin, gave a brilliant reception to Mr. and Mrs. Ole Bull, as a farewell party, prior to their departure for Norway from Madison, Wis.

MR. WILLIAM T. RICE, United States Consul at Spezia, was recently married to Miss Sarah C. Robley, a young English lady, on board the frigate *Wabash*, at Genoa.

JUDGE JOHN ROBERTSON, a Virginian by birth, education and thought, and a descendant of Pocahontas, died on the 8th instant, at Mount Athol, at the ripe old age of eighty-eight.

JOAQUIN MILLER has accepted a challenge to ride to the hounds against a noted English sportsman. He says he will break the Englishman's neck if he can find country rough enough.

BLACQUE BEY, so long Turkish Minister here, has been recalled, and official dispatches have been received from Constantinople directing arrangements to be made to secure proper quarters for his successor and suite.

FOUR members of the Methodist Episcopal Mission in China have united in sending a letter to Minister F. F. Low, upon the occasion of his leaving Peking, expressive of their obligations to him in many ways, and especially for his prompt and successful vindication of their rights to hold chapel premises lawfully purchased by them in Peking, in the face of the determined hostility of many influential mandarins.

HERR WIENIAWSKI has found a protégé in San Francisco, the ten-year old son of a jeweler, named Litchenberg. The little fellow played several pieces for the great violinist, and afterward repeated a piece after Herr Wieniawski had played it. Herr Wieniawski consented to give the boy a lesson of one hour's duration every day during his stay in the city, and take him to Europe, and place him in the Musical Conservatory at Vienna, under his own tuition, free of charge until he graduates.

THE Secretary of War, in his intention of securing for the Department pictures of previous Secretaries of War, has already caused to be placed conspicuously in the Secretary's office and ante-room portraits of ex-Secretaries Knox, Dexter, Dearborn, Eustis, Pickens, Scott, Calhoun, Holt, Poinsett, Cameron, Stanton, and Rawlins. Others are now being painted for the Department. The Secretary is desirous to procure original portraits, if possible, from which copies will be made, of ex-Secretary McHenry, of Washington's Administration; Griswold, of Adams'; Crawford, of Madison's; George Graham, of Monroe's; and John Bell, of Harrison's.

WHERE PEOPLE ARE GOING.

DE CORDOVA is at the Catskill Mountains.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR., is in Europe.

MRS. GOVERNOR DIX is at Tarrytown, N. Y.

DR. VAN BUREN is at the Catskill Mountains.

JEFFERSON DAVIS was in New York City last week.

ADMIRAL PORTER is passing a few days in New York.

WILLIAM B. ASTOR and family have gone to Saratoga.

BISHOP CLARK, of Rhode Island, is at Narragansett Pier.

SECRETARY BELKNAP, of the War Office, is at Long Branch.

THE Hon. Lyman Tremain is at Congress Hall, Saratoga.

TOM HOOD, son of the poet, is about visiting this country.

LEONARD W. JEROME, of Jockey Club fame, is at Long Branch.

REV. DR. CHENVER is at the Palisades, near Englewood, N. J.

GENERAL BUTLER and family will pass the season at Fire Island.

THE Rev. O. B. Frothingham is ruralizing at Grand View, Nyack.

MME. ALBONI takes up her residence in Milan for the Summer.

CLEMENT C. CLAY visited New York City last week, from Georgia.

P. S. GILMORE is at the Grand Union, Saratoga, with his orchestra.

DR. J. J. CRAVEN, author of "Prison Life of Jeff. Davis," is at Saratoga.

EX-MAYOR GUNTHER, of New York, and family, have gone to Watkins's Glen.

THE father and sister of Ex-Governor War-mouth, of Louisiana, are at Saratoga.

GENERAL SHERMAN and wife are at Long Branch, guests of Ex-Collector Murphy.

GENERAL ARTHUR, Collector of Customs at New York, is stopping at Narragansett Pier.

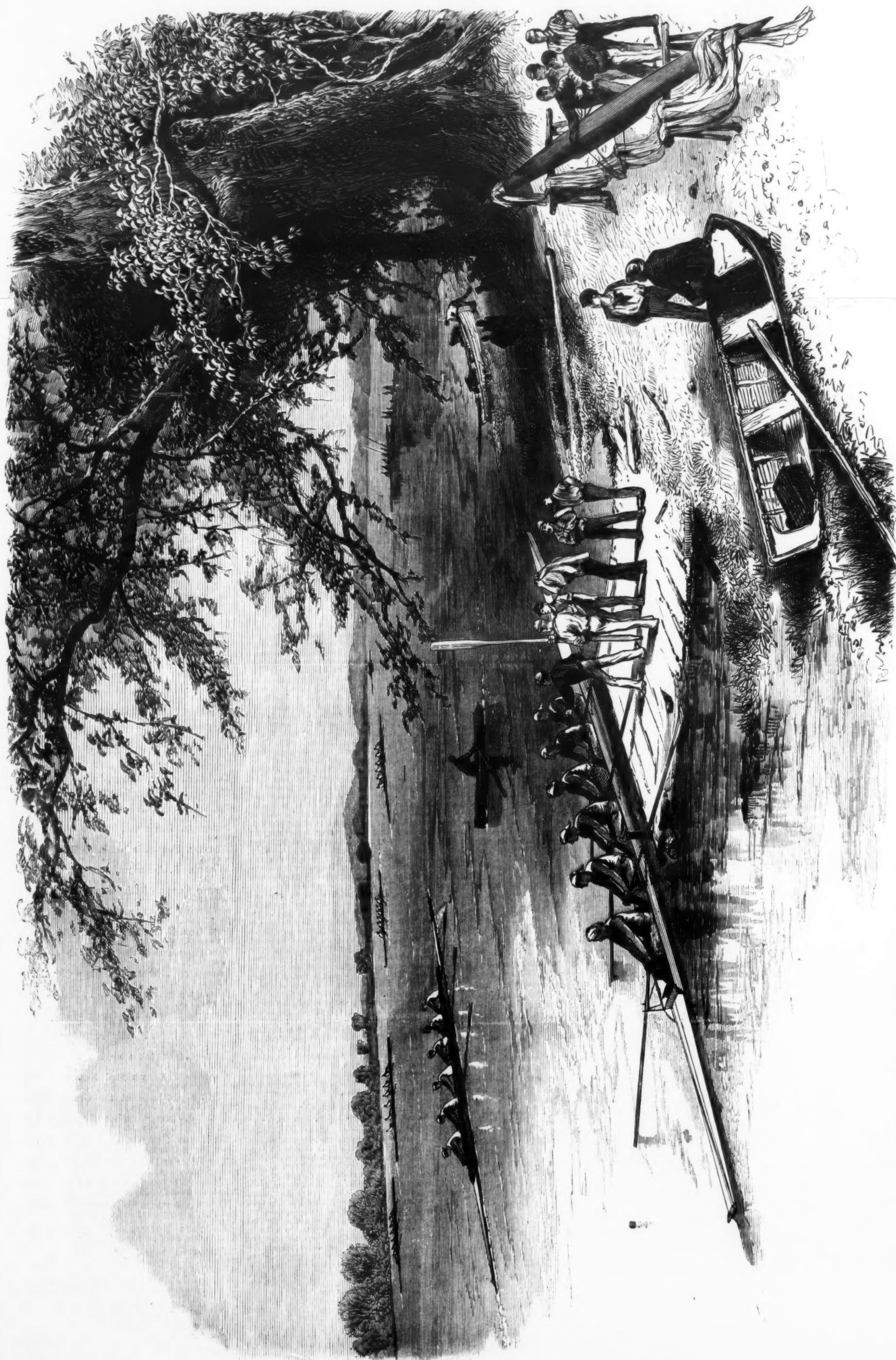
EX-JUDGE MONELL, of New York, and P. W. Vail and family, of Newark, N. J., are at Islip, L. I.

AUGUST BELMONT is visiting Vienna with his family. He purchased many superb pictures while in Paris.

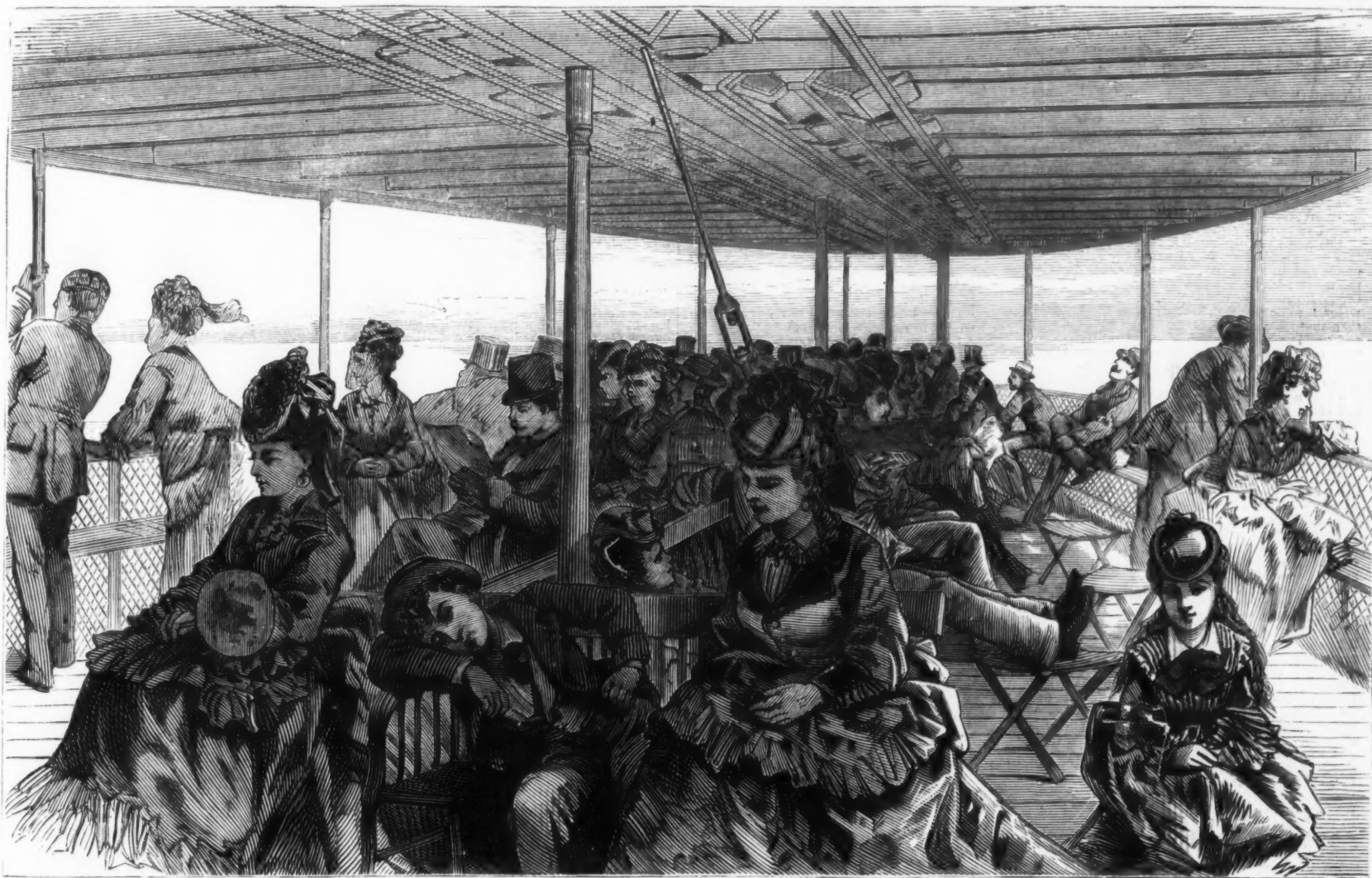
SIDNEY E. MORSE, the founder of the New York *Observer*, has retired from that journal, and sailed for Europe.

A LARGE party of personal friends were entertained by General McClellan at his mountain home, "Maywood," Orange, N. J.

SIR EDWARD THORNTON, British Minister, has leased the Livingstone place on the Hudson for the Summer. A suite of thirty persons accompanied him.



THE COLLEGE REGATTA AT SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—THE COURSE ON THE CONNECTICUT RIVER—CREWS PRACTICING BEFORE THE RACE.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOS. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 313.



OFF FOR LONG BRANCH—SCENE ON THE PROMENADE DECK OF THE STEAMER "JESSE HOYT."

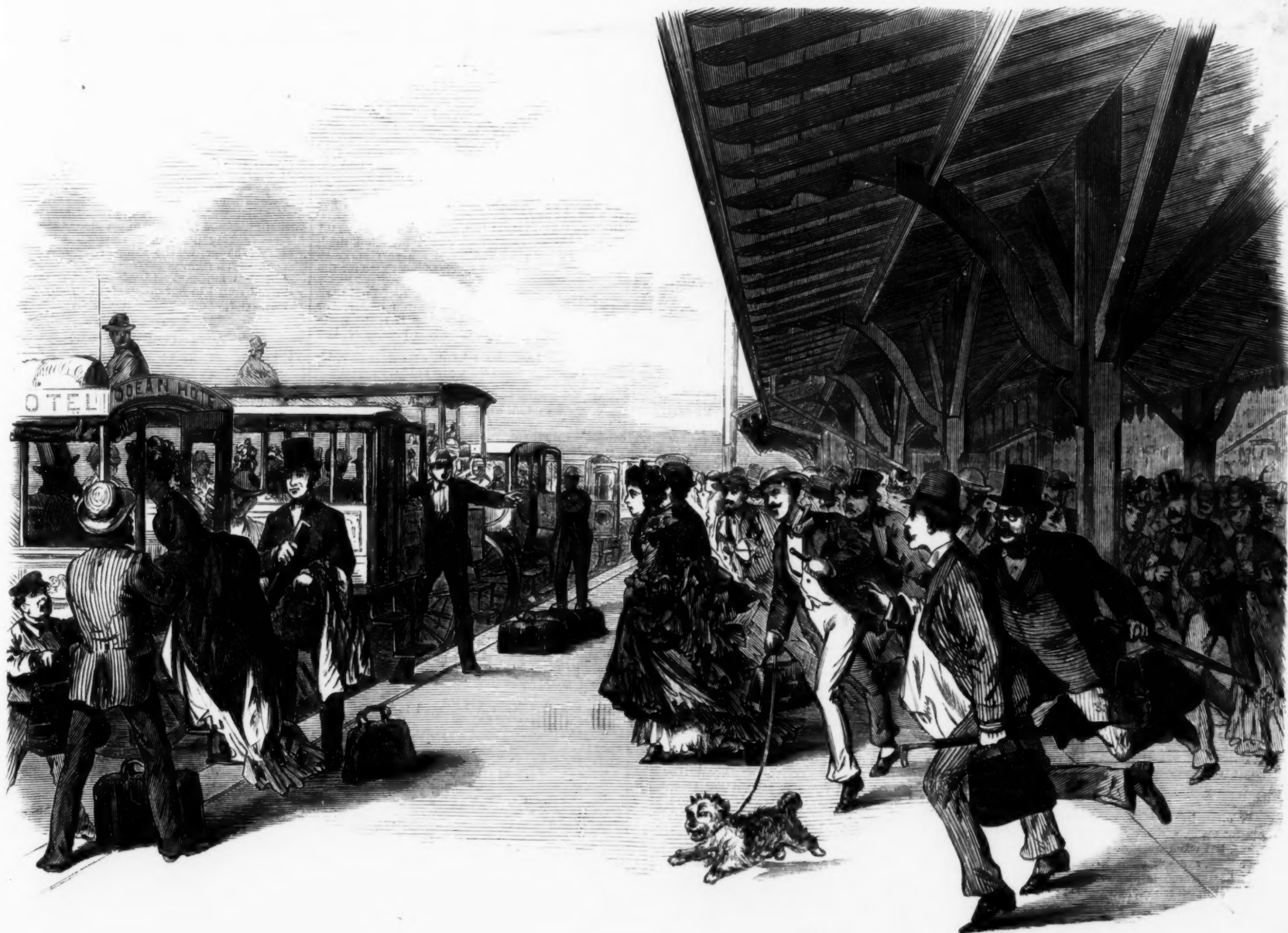
LONG BRANCH.

At this peculiar season of the year, Pier 28, North River, presents an unusually lively appearance, inasmuch as it is the point of arrival and departure for the Long Branch boats, a circumstance which, as will be perceived from our engraving, throngs it at certain hours of the day with costly equipages and wealthy pleasure-seekers. The dock,

of which we give an interior view, is large and admirably kept. Although necessarily crowded with every description of bale and package, there is no confusion: while under the vigilant eye of several police officers, the embarking and landing of passengers are rendered so smooth and agreeable, that one finds himself on board and steaming down the bay without having experienced the slightest hurry or inconvenience.

There is, of course, a certain class of tourists who are always late, and some of these, as shown in our illustration, are rushing toward the boat at the top of their speed. But there is not the slightest necessity for such excited exertion, for we catch a glimpse of the splendid floating-palace *Plymouth Rock* lying quietly alongside, although soon to throb and vibrate beneath the influence of her mighty iron pulses.

This boat, which now plies regularly on the Long Branch route, is in reality a noble vessel, and one of a line of steamers not only remarkable for their great size, but for the absolute gorgeousness of their saloons and their various appointments. To form any adequate idea of them in this relation they must be visited, although some conception of their magnitude may be gained from the mere fact that a full band may be thundering through an

ARRIVAL OF THE TRAIN AT LONG BRANCH DEPOT.
LONG BRANCH, "THE CITY BY THE SEA."—VIEWS EN ROUTE.

overture, in the grand saloon aft, and yet be scarcely heard by persons promenading forward.

We give views on board the *Plymouth Rock* and on the *Jesse Hoyt*, connected with the New Jersey Southern Railway Company—the Grand Saloon and the Restaurant of the former, with their splendid bronzes, mirrors, carvings, cut-glass and plate; and the Forward and Promenade Decks of the latter, thronged with pleasure-seekers and merchandise respectively. No more animated scene could possibly be conceived of than that presented by this splendid boat as she sails majestically down toward the sea, with the first bright beams of the morning sun flashing and scintillating about her, and kindling into glory some of the finest scenery in existence. It is, in reality, elevating to witness how superbly the two bright snowy arms of this great metropolis—the Hudson and the East Rivers—extend their broad shining palms in the upper and the lower bay, to grasp the commerce of the world and pour it into the lap of the Empire City. No more lovely or picturesque expanse of water is to be met with in any portion of the globe than that which lies between us and Sandy Hook; and nothing can be more beautiful or impressive than its various islands, bluffs and headlands, and the numerous sail that dot its purple bosom.

The passage from New York to Long Branch is not now made by water solely. After a delightful sail of an hour or so, the tourist lands at Sandy Hook, and takes the Southern New Jersey Railway, which soon sweeps him through some very beautiful scenery, thick with flowers, and skirting the way all along the sea toward the great watering-place. Soon, however, he is whirled into the depot at the close of his journey, where he is at once assailed by every possible description of runner and carriage-driver, as may be inferred from our illustration; and where, if he is desirous of patronizing a first-rate establishment, he takes a vehicle for the Ocean House, for instance, and at once makes the acquaintance of the Messrs. Leland—father and son—two agreeable and obliging gentlemen, who are so well known to the hotel world as to need no special mention at our hands.

The Ocean House is, in truth, a magnificent establishment, and, confessedly, one of the finest hotels at Long Branch. Those who have never visited it may form some idea of its dimensions when we state that, to make a circuit of the building three times, involves a journey of a mile. The vista presented by the veranda, with its long lines of flower-baskets, pendant between the pillars, is charming in the extreme; while the beautiful lawn and croquet-ground in front are most attractive, and give full scope to the fresh, pure air that comes up from the sea. Directly in front of the house are a number of pavilions situated on the bluff for the use of visitors, who, as from the veranda of the house itself, can here catch a full view not only of the sea, but of countless vessels that pass along the great watery highway of the nations. Directly beneath the bluff are the bathing-houses, which, as may be presumed, are largely patronized. There are, however, at the Ocean House aristocratic bathing-houses, and a notice in a conspicuous place informs fair ladies and gentlemen when they may properly seek the beach and gambol among the rollers. It is pleasant to observe the various grades of courage and timidity which characterize the bathers. Some creep into the water along the rope, which is anchored out some distance from the shore, and fastened to a post on land. And here, let us say, a more delightful string of pearls we have never met than that presented by a number of sweet young creatures, whose fair faces gleamed and flashed out along the line at intervals, as with boisterous mirth they soured their fair features beneath the exuberant waves.

It has always struck us that, in the case of hotels, the kitchen and the pantry form very fair criteria as to the establishment generally. And here, we may say, some of the Long Branch houses occupy a very prominent position. The kitchen in one of them is one of the loftiest and finest we have ever seen, while the pantry—if a series of underground establishments may be termed such—is truly on a most efficient and magnificent scale. The dining-room is a section of a palace. Three enormous vases of flowers make it redolent of perfume, and gratify the eye with a wilderness of odoriferous rainbows. The drawing-room, too, is truly regal. What a meadow of carpet! What a forest of chandeliers! All this is quite familiar to the habitués of Long Branch, as many a sweet young heart knows full well.

The table, of course, is admirable, and all the rooms and appointments superb. Three times a day a full band discourses sweet music on the lawn, and every evening after supper there is a concert and dancing, so that there is no lack of amusement or comfort.

The fishing at Long Branch is capital, but, like all sea-fishing, there is nothing very sportsmanlike about it. Twice a day—every morning and evening—boats arrive with fresh fish, on the Beach. Black-fish, sea-bass, flounders, and an occasional porgie, form the staple of "the take," as it is sometimes called. Printers must not misapprehend the term. One man has been known to take one thousand pounds weight of fish in a morning; but two or three hundred weight is considered excellent sport. The boats arrive about 11 A. M., and every one is anxious to get a peep into them as they come in. There seems to be the best understanding between the fishermen, each helping the other, and rushing out to seize the coming craft as she approaches the shore. It is extraordinary that one man will take an immense amount of fish, while his comrade, anchored a very little way off, has the poorest possible luck. There is something in tackle, and as they fish with a hook here, it is quite possible that there are no small elements of success in a good "limerick" and proper "casting line."

The billiard-rooms and bowling alleys of many of the houses are quite up to the mark in every relation; and so admirably are the establishments generally conducted that there is never any crowding or bustle. The season is at its height, and of course the place very gay. The recent races attracted a very large additional number of persons to the town, but we are not aware that in such a thoroughfare, as it now may be termed, there was much felt in this connection. The influx during the season is steady, and the hotels, of which we have given a brief, and, we fear, inadequate sketch, do a large business, which may also be said of the bathing-houses on the beach, seen directly beneath them.

It often becomes desirable to insert screws in plaster walls, without attaching them to any wood-work, but when we turn them in the plaster they give way, and our effort is vain. And yet a screw may be inserted in plaster so as to hold light pictures, etc., very firmly. The best plan is to enlarge the hole to about twice the diameter of the screw, fill it with plaster-of-paris, such as is used for fastening the tops of lamps, etc., and bed the screw in the soft plaster. When the plaster has set, the screw will be held very strongly.

A DEAD YEAR.

BY

JEAN INGELW.

I TOOK a year out of my life and story—
A dead year—and said, "I will hew the stone!"
All the Kings of the nation lie in glory;
Cased in cedar and shut in a sacred gloom;
Swathed in linen and precious unguents old;
Painted with cinnabar and rich with gold.

Silent they rest, in solemn salutory,
Sealed from the moth and the owl and the flitter-mouse—

Each with his name on his brow,
All the Kings of the nation lie in glory,
Every one in his own house;
Then, why not thou?

"Rock," I said, "thy ribs are strong;
That I bring thee, guard it long;
Hide the light from buried eyes—
Hide it, lest the dead arise!"
"Year," I said, and turned away,
"I am free of thee this day;
All that we two only know
I forgive, and I forego,
So thy face no more I meet,
In the field or crowded street."

Scarce the sunset bloom was gone,
And the little stars outshone,
Ere the dead year, still and stark,
Drew me to her in the dark.

Death drew Life to come to her,
Beating at her sepulchre,
Crying out, "How can I part,
With thee, best share of my heart?"
Lo, it lies upon the bier,
Captured with the buried year.
Oh! my heart! And I fell prone,
Weeping at the sealed stone.

And I entered, on her bier
Quiet lay the buried year.
I sat down where I could see
Life without and sunshine free,
Death within. And I between,
Waited, my own heart to wean
From the shroud that shaded her
In the rock-hewn sepulchre—
Waited till the dead should say,
"Heart, be free of me this day—
Waited with a patient will,
And I wait between them still."

I take the year back to my life and story,
The dead year, and say, "I will share in thy tomb,
All the Kings of the nation lie in glory,
Cased in cedar, and shut in a sacred gloom;
They reigned in their lifetime with sceptre and diadem,
But thou exellect them,
For Life doth make thy grave her oratory,
And the crown is still on thy brow;
All the Kings of the nation lie in glory,
And so dost thou."

INNOCENT: A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY

MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "Salem Chapel," "The Minister's Wife," "Squire Arden," etc.

CHAPTER XLV.—THE FIRST DESERTER.

THE next morning after this event Ernest Molyneux, with a newspaper in his hand, jumped out of a hansom at the door of the Elms, and rushed into the house. The door was open; a certain air of agitation and excitement was about the place, some trunks stood in the hall, corded and labeled as for a journey. He told Brownlow, who came out of the dining-room at the sound of his arrival, to send Miss Eastwood to him directly, and made his way into the drawing-room, which was empty. Empty, arranged with all its usual peaceful order and grace, full of sunshine, sweet with the flowers which looked in brightly through the round window-door of the conservatory—with novels from Maudie's on the table, Mrs. Eastwood's work-basket and Nelly's knitting, Molyneux was confounded by the tranquil comfort, the brightness and calm of this shrine of domestic life. It checked him in his eagerness and heat; the horrible news in the paper seemed to lose all appearance, all possibility of truth.

Nelly came in, with red eyes and pale cheeks, in the simplest of traveling-dresses, with that look of mingled excitement and exhaustion which more than anything else betrays "something wrong" in the history of a family. She came in eagerly, almost running to him, with that instinctive and unconscious appeal which is conveyed by visible expectation, and which it is so difficult to disappoint, her hands outstretched, her eyes ready to fill with tears. The sight of her emotion, however, had an effect upon Molyneux which totally counteracted the calm of the house. It restored him to his position of criticism and superiority. He took her hands, it is true, and even kissed her cheek, though with something of that indifference which comes with habit; but he made no demonstration of sympathy. He said hastily:

"Nelly, I am come to you for information. Have you seen what is in the papers? Surely, surely, it cannot be true!"

The check and sudden revulsion which comes to all who expect too much came to Nelly. She withdrew her hands from him. Her tears, which were ready to fall, went back somehow. She retreated a little from his side; but her pride supported her. At that moment and for ever Nelly closed the doors of her heart against her lover.

"If you mean it is true that Innocent, poor Innocent, has done what they say, I answer, 'No,'" said Nelly, low and trembling; "but all the rest is true enough. They have put her in—Oh, me! Oh, me! How can I say it? It is those dreadful people whom Frederick bound himself to, for a curse to us all."

"But," said Molyneux, "those dreadful people, as you call them, could not do this without some cause, something to build upon. For God's sake, tell me! How do they dare? Is there any foundation?"

"Mamma went down to inquire the very day," said Nelly, dreamily, repeating the old story; "she lost no time. She came back saying it was sheer delusion, nothing more."

"But Innocent herself—what was it that she dreamt of? What was the delusion?"
"She had to give a sleeping-draught, and she gave—too much," said Nelly, simply. "She was frightened to death. She left the house instantly, and came home. Oh, how well I recollect that dreadful morning!"

"I am bewildered by this," said Molyneux. "You have known it ever since Mrs. Frederick's death, and I have been allowed to— You have never breathed a syllable to me."

"Oh, how could I?" cried Nelly. "Think, to put it into words was like giving some sanction to it; and you were not fond of her as we were. It was on my lips a hundred times. But, Ernest, you were not fond of her."

"No, thank heaven!" he said, walking up and down the room. The chief feeling in his mind was anger, mingled with a certain satisfaction in the sense that he had a right to be angry. "I hope, at least, Longueville knew," he added, after a pause. "I hope you think he, being fond of Innocent, had the right—"

"Ernest," said Nelly, piteously, moved by one of those last relents of love which cannot, for very pity, consent to its own extinction, "surely you have some feeling for us in our great trouble. It was because poor Innocent told him, appealed to him, that they ever married at all. He was very, very kind, very good—to us all."

"Apparently, then, everybody has been considered worthy of your confidence but myself," said Molyneux. "It is a very good thing that you have Longueville to depend on," he added, after a pause. "Of course, it is chiefly his business; of course, he has been making his arrangements to meet the danger; he will get the best counsel—the best—"

"Ernest," said Nelly, rising from her seat. She put her hands together unconsciously, as she went up to him. "Ernest! We have often talked of what might be, if something really worth your while should offer; not mere troublesome law business, but something that would really exercise your mind—something worthy of you. And, Ernest, would it not be all the more great, the more noble, if it was to save an innocent creature from destruction? You know her almost as well as we do," cried the girl, the big tears running down her pale cheeks.

She stood before him more eloquent in her tears than he, with all his cleverness, could ever have been, with one soft appealing hand on his arm, and the other raised in passionate entreaty. Her eyes were fixed on him with a prayer as passionate—all Nelly's heart, all her soul, was in this appeal. It was for Innocent—to save her; it was for Ernest, to save him; it was for herself, poor Nelly, to change her despairing into life and hope.

He stood obdurate, unmoving, unmoved, looking at her with blank brows, answering with a hard abstinence from all emotion the imploring look, the impassioned words. Nelly saw how it was before she had ceased speaking; but she repulsed the chill of certainty from her heart, and prayed on with eyes and gestures, even when she felt herself to be praying against hope.

At last he threw off, not roughly but crossly, her hand from his arm, and, as he himself would have said, "put a stop to it."

"Nelly," he said, "are you mad? What do you mean? Longueville, you may be sure, has secured counsel already; I suppose he has not been taken by surprise, as I have been? And supposing I could do it, would you have me begin my career under such unfavorable circumstances, on the spur of the moment, for the sake of mere family connection? What is Innocent to us—a silly creature, half idiot, an ungrateful little minx, fond of nobody but Frederick, and, I dare say, capable of striking a bold stroke for him, as she seems to say she has done. Don't look at me as if you could eat me. I don't say she has done it. I know nothing but what you have told me."

Nelly shrank away from him to her mother's chair. A burning blush covered her face; her tears dried up as if by scorching heat. Her eyes flashed and shone; her whole aspect, her very figure, seemed to change.

"I may ask at least one thing of you," she said; "and that is to forget what I told you. I was very foolish to say so much. Women are prone to that. I suppose, as you say; but I may trust to your honor to forget it? Not to repeat it to any one? I shall be very thankful if you will promise that."

"Why, Nelly," he cried, "I repeat what you have said to me! You don't take me for a scoundrel, I hope, because I don't act upon everything you say—"

She smiled faintly, and bowed her head, accepting the assurance; and then between these two, who had loved each other, who were betrothed and bound to each other, there ensued a pause. She said nothing, she did not even look at him; and he, looking at her, feeling somehow that greater things had happened even than those which appeared, cast about in his mind how to speak, and did not know what to say.

"Nelly," he said, at last, clearing his throat, "I see you are angry with me; and, though I think you are rather unreasonable, I am very sorry to vex you. I would do as much as most men for the girl I love."

Still Nelly made no answer. She could not trust herself to speak; her heart beat too loudly, her breath came too fast. But to him it seemed obduracy, determined and conscious resistance, like his own.

"If this is how you take it, of course I can't help myself," he said; "but you are very unjust and unreasonable. A woman may stretch her demands too far. There is much that I would be glad to do for your sake; but, even for your sake, it is best that I should employ my own judgment; and I cannot do what that judgment condemns—"

"No," said Nelly—"no, I did not say for my sake; but if I had, it would not have mattered. No, you must use your own judgment. But will you excuse me, now," she added, after a momentary pause, "if I say 'Good-by'? We are going to Sterrington, directly, and I have still some things to do."

"To Sterrington! To mix yourself up with Innocent, and trumpet your connection with her to all the world!"

"To stand by one of mamma's children in her trouble," said Nelly, looking at him with tears shining in her eyes, and with a smile which increased his exasperation a hundredfold. "I am sorry you do not understand. Mamma's place is with Innocent, and mine with mamma."

"This is folly, Nelly," he cried; "absolute folly. She has her husband to look after her. Have I no claims? and for my sake you ought not to go."

She rose, holding out her hand to him, still with that pale smile upon her face.

"Let us part friends," she said. "This is not a time to discuss any one's claims. What you cannot do for my sake, I will not do for yours. Good-by."

"Is this final?" he cried, in rage and dismay.

"It would be best so," said Nelly, gently.

But she did not know how he went away. She kept her composure, and appeared, so far as he could make out, as resolute as she was calm; but there was a dimness in Nelly's eyes and a ringing in her ears. The room seemed to swim about her, and his face, which flamed into sudden rage, then went out, as it were, like an extinguished light. Gradually the darkness that closed over everything lightened again, and she found he had gone. She had not fainted or lost consciousness, but a mist had overspread her soul and her thoughts, and all that was done and said.

What roused her at last was the entrance of another man, as much excited, as anxious and

curious as Ernest had been. He came to offer his services, to ask if he should go at once, and put himself at the disposal of Sir Alexis; and, in the second place—only in the second place—to ask what it meant. Nelly sat and listened to his eager questions, and then burst into sudden tears. She gave him no reason for them—why should she? There were reasons enough and to spare, without diving into her personal history, for any outburst of sorrow. John Vane put no questions, but he had met Ernest rushing in the opposite direction, and I think he divined that some reflection of a personal misery was in Nelly's paleness and agitation. But he asked her no questions, and he tried not to ask himself any, which was harder still.

When Mrs. Eastwood came into the room, which she did very soon after, in her bonnet and cloak ready for the journey, Vane went up to her, holding out his hand.

"Forgive me," he said, humbly, "for having done you a temporary wrong in my thoughts."

"How so, Mr. Vane?" said Mrs. Eastwood, with a faint smile, the first that had relieved the tension of her pale face since the terrible news came.

"I can understand now all about Innocent's marriage," he said. "God forgive me for doubting her best friends. I thought you were like other women—thinking of a good match above everything."

"Are you sure that other women think of a good match above everything?" said Mrs. Eastwood, once more with a smile; and then, as she had spared a moment from Innocent, compunction seized her. "What are we to do?" she cried; "oh, what are we to do for my poor child?"

"I am going with you," said Vane, to whose own eyes (though he was a man not given to emotion) the moisture rose.

Mrs. Eastwood sent Nelly away to put on her bonnet, knowing nothing of the interview which Nelly had gone through in the meantime—and entered into all the dismal story which Nelly had briefly unfolded to him. He made no reproaches, as Ernest had done—that he had not been told at the time. He understood without explanations how unwilling they must have been to confide such a story to any one—even to Innocent's relation; and he listened with the deepest attention to Mrs. Eastwood's account of her own anxious visit to Sterrington, and the total absence of all suspicion at the time of Amanda's death.

John Vane, an idle man, had read for the bar in a cursory way in his youth, not pursuing the study, but yet retaining some fragments of knowledge—and it seemed to him that this was very important. He discussed the whole matter closely, giving his companion thought, his whole attention to it; but yet—will the reader think less well of John Vane for it?—with a corner of his mind, or heart, if you like the word better, he was following Nelly, wondering why she took so long to put on her bonnet—whether she was crying, poor soul, over some lost illusion, some disappointed hope of her own, as well as over her cousin's? He was almost glad to think that he alone was, as it were, in her confidence—that even her mother did not know that Molyneux had been there, and had disappointed Nelly. He must have disappointed her (this train of thought went on like an undercurrent while he discussed, and that with an anxiety beyond words, the fate of Innocent)—he must have disappointed her, for he had left her. No true lover—no man worthy to be Nelly's husband—would have left her at such a moment. Had she been wise enough to see this? Would she be strong enough to perceive it hereafter? Mrs. Eastwood did not know—she made not the slightest allusion to Ernest. When Nelly had come downstairs, and the cab had driven up to the door which was to take them to the railway, she left detailed instructions with Brownlow as to the messages to be given to callers. "You can tell Mrs. Everard and Mr. Brotherton, if they call, that they will hear from me very soon," she said; "and the same to Mr. Molyneux; though, indeed, Nelly, it is negligent not to have let Ernest know sooner."

"I have let him know," said Nelly, softly; and Vane thought she gave him a piteous, appealing look, as if to beg him not to say anything—a look which almost made him glad, though she was in trouble, and they were all in trouble. There are things that make one's heart rise even in the midst of lamentation and woe.

"That is well—that is always something spared," said Mrs. Eastwood, with a sigh; "and be careful of the young gentlemen, Brownlow. Ask Mr. Eastwood if he would like any change made in the dinner-hour while I am away; and see that Mr. Richard is called regularly at seven, and that he has his coffee. My poor Dick must go on working, whatever happens," she said, taking her place in the cab with a sigh.

And thus Innocent's friends, all who loved her, gathered round in her direst need. There was but one deserter, and he no friend of hers.

CHAPTER XLVI.—THE EVIDENCE.

"BUT it is true—I killed Frederick's wife," said Innocent.

Her voice was tranquil as usual; but her eyes were dilated and full of woe, like the eyes of a dumb creature hardly used. The scene had strangely changed for her. Instead of the sunny terrace at Longueville, the sunny garden at The Elms, the four gray walls of a prison-cell surrounded her. I will confess to the gentle reader that I never was in a prison, and I do not know how it looked; but I never heard that there were special hardships in poor Innocent's case, and I believe, indeed, that she was allowed many relaxations of the ordinary prison rules. She was seated on her little bed, Mrs. Eastwood was with her, and her husband; and Mr. Pennefather, the solicitor, who had visited Sir Alexis at Longueville, had come down to Sterrington with the eminent lawyer who was to defend poor Innocent, to have a personal interview with her. These two learned persons were subjecting the poor girl to a private examination, and straining all their faculties to get at the exact facts of the case.

"Oh, Innocent," said Mrs. Eastwood, "how often have I told you, dear, that you are mistaken. Do not give this gentleman a false idea. It is a delusion—a mere delusion—"

"Let her tell me her own story," said Mr. Sergeant Ryder, the great lawyer. "Let her tell me her own story," he repeated; "there is nothing so important as that I should know the whole truth."

He had heard the story already, and had been led to believe the case simple enough. But an experienced lawyer, accustomed to all the subtleties of crime, does not easily believe in the most obvious story. She forgot nothing, she left out no circumstances. It was not until the second time of going over it that she even interposed that gentle profession of innocence, "I did not mean it," in the midst of her full confession of guilt.

"You did not mean it?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Eastwood, unable to keep silence, "how can you ask her such a question? She meant it. She did not even do it, though she thinks so—but meant it? Oh, Sir Alexis, this is too much."

"I must take my own way," said the lawyer. "I beg your pardon, but I cannot be interrupted. If I could be permitted to see Lady Longueville alone,

it would be much better. Your feelings, I am sure, are perfectly natural, but if I could see her alone—

Innocent put out her hand and caught her aunt's dress with a low cry.

"Oh, do not go away!" she cried, roused out of her usual calm. "It would be better to kill me than to leave me here alone. Oh, if you knew what it is to be alone!—all strange faces—nothing you ever saw before—and not even the window as there used to be in Pisa, and Niccolo to come in before he went away. Oh, Niccolo, Niccolo!" cried the girl, her voice rising in a cry of such loneliness as went to the heart even of the men who questioned her.

"Oh, Innocent, my darling," said Mrs. Eastwood, "if they would but let me stay with you night and day—"

"Niccolo never staid the night," said Innocent, wandering off with a vague smile into her recollections. "When he had put down the salad and said 'Felicissima notte,' he went away. I could hear his steps all the way down the stairs; but I never was frightened."

Mr. Sergeant Ryder looked at Sir Alexis with a faint elevation of his eyebrows, and shut his notebook with something between impatience and despair.

"I don't think," he said, "that I need trouble Lady Longueville any further to-day."

"Go and ask him what he thinks," said Mrs. Eastwood anxiously in the ear of Sir Alexis.

But Longueville, too, shook his head. He saw well enough what Innocent's counsel thought; he had no desire to have his conclusion put into words. He himself could not banish from his mind a chill sense that Innocent had retrograded, that she had gone back ever so far from the mental condition to which she had reached when he read to her on the terrace at Longueville. A chill dread struck his heart that this terrible event in her life would contradict all his hopes, would put a final end to all her possibilities of development, and reduce the simple soul into mere idiosyncrasy.

Mrs. Eastwood happily did not give herself up to any such thoughts. Her office for the moment was to cheer Innocent, not to forecast what was coming. She sat down beside her on the bed, and told her of everything she could think of which would amuse her. She told her minutely how Nelly and herself had found lodgings opposite the prison. "You cannot see us, my darling; but we can see you," she said, with a show of cheerfulness; "at least we can see your window. One of us is always watching you, Innocent. Is not that a little comfort to think of? If we cannot say good-night, so that you can hear, we say it in our hearts. Nelly sat half the night through watching, looking up at the window. What a pity it is so high—if it were not so high you could look across the road to us, and then you would feel as if you were at home. But when you say your prayers, dear, then you can make sure that we are with you; for I don't think there is one hour—not an hour, my darling—that Nelly and I are not praying for you." Here for a moment Mrs. Eastwood broke down.

"Yes," said Innocent, pleased, like a child. "I will do so, too. Saying your prayers is a very good way; but I wish I could go down-stairs and across to the Spina, as I used to do."

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Eastwood, caressingly; but of course you know that the Spina is not there."

"Oh, yes," said Innocent; "and sometimes I think it must be Longueville and the great trees stretching for miles—it is so strange not to see; but I never think it is home. I do not feel that it could be home."

"Listen," said Mrs. Eastwood in Longueville's ear. "She is as sensible as any one can be—full of imagination, poor darling; but nothing else. God bless her, she was fond of Niccolo, and all that. And it has a very strange effect upon one, when one cannot see out of the window. She is as sensible as you or I."

Longueville shook his head still, but took comfort. I think, however, that when he went away it was, on the whole, better for the poor prisoner: for, though the anxiety of the watch he kept upon her was disguised as far as he could do it, it still disturbed vaguely the absolute confidence which alone made Innocent happy.

Mr. Ryder and Mr. Pennefather remained in Sterington that night, and there was a long and solemn consultation held after the prison was closed to Innocent's relations, in the little sitting-room opposite the jail, where the Eastwoods were living. The Spring Assizes were approaching very closely, and Innocent's anxious defenders were divided upon one important subject—whether to seek delay and time to collect all the evidence they could in her favor, including that of the doctor who had left Sterborne after Amanda's death, and who was naturally a most important witness; or to allow the case to come on at the Assizes, which were to be held in less than three weeks, and for which the quiet county town of Sterington was already preparing with unusual flutter of anticipation; for an exciting and interesting trial, a very romance in real life, which would draw the eyes of the world upon the place, was no common occurrence. Both the lawyers were anxious for delay, but the family more immediately concerned were equally anxious that the trial should be got over as speedily as possible. "The child will die," Mrs. Eastwood said. Sir Alexis did not explain his fears, but they were of a still more miserable kind. Whether she lived or died, she would probably, he believed, have fallen into a blank idiocy, even before these three terrible weeks were over, and if the three weeks were lengthened into three months, there could be no hope for her whatever. "The trial must come on as soon as possible," he said, with an obstinacy which his confidential adviser, Mr. Pennefather, who flattered himself that he knew Sir Alexis to the very depths of his soul, could not understand; and no argument could move him from his position. Altogether, the lawyers, I fear, were not satisfied with the unhappy "relations." Their obstinacy on the point of the trial, their indifference to the necessity of the doctor's presence, and the irrelevant interruptions they made, at last provoked Mr. Ryder, who was not famed for good temper. "These matters ought to be left entirely in our hands," he said, peremptorily. "The doctor, so far as I can see at present, is the only witness on whom we could depend."

"But when I tell you," cried Mrs. Eastwood, "that I was there; that no one thought of such a thing—that it was a mere delusion—"

"What was a mere delusion?" said the lawyer, sharply. "Did Lady Longueville give the draught or not? Is she under a delusion as to the actual opiate, or simply as to having killed the patient? If it is certain that she gave the draught, then the medical evidence is all important. We must discriminate between these two points. Is there any proof, except her confession, that she gave the draught at all?"

Mrs. Eastwood looked up quickly, with a hard, sudden drawing of her breath. She looked round the men, who were none of them in her confidence, and a sudden sense of fright sealed her lips. "They have no proof, that I know of," she answered, faltering—then taking courage, bore the steady look

which Mr. Ryder gave her without shrinking. As for Sir Alexis, his mind was absorbed in his own gloomy thoughts, and he paid no attention to this little episode. Vane, for his part, had not heard of the phial which Innocent had retained in her hand. Mrs. Eastwood withdrew soon after, trembling from head to foot, and went to the little room in which Nelly was sitting, gazing up at poor Innocent's high window with tender superstition, and threw herself upon her child's shoulder, sobbing and sick with misery. Frederick had taken the phial out of her desk, and had thrown it into the fire at the first rumor of doubt about Amanda's death. With dismal confidence in chance, she said to herself that no one knew anything about the phial; that it would not be thought of unless she herself mentioned it. But after this she shrank from discussion of the subject. She avoided any encounter with the lawyers. She was to be, poor soul, one of the principal witnesses, and many a miserable, anxious prayer did the poor woman make that God would direct the minds of her questioners away from this one point upon which she had gone astray. It seemed easier to her to trust to a miracle for deliverance than to confess the truth.

During the interval which followed it would be impossible to describe the alternations of hope and of misery which swept over the unhappy family, who kept together in their little lodging opposite the prison. Sometimes it seemed so impossible to them that any one could for a moment believe so incredible an accusation; and, again, all the horrible network of proof would gather round their souls. The love of the poor girl for her cousin—love which they had themselves believed, and of which they but dimly now had come to recognize the real character; her dislike, openly professed, for Amanda; her strange vigil by Amanda's side, brought about in so simply accidental a way, yet which might be made to bear the aspect of a deliberate plot; her sudden and unaccountable flight; her confession. When they recollected all these things horror would come over them, dismay, and almost despair.

These and a great many other particulars were in all the papers, reported and dwelt upon with all the avidity natural when the public mind has a story so interesting presented to it—a romance in real life. There had been the usual horrible preliminaries, into which it is not necessary for me to enter, before the warrant was procured for Innocent's arrest. Poor Amanda's last repose had been disturbed to furnish evidence, though, owing to the lapse of time, with little or no result; but the circumstantial evidence had seemed so strong to the magistrates before whom Innocent was first examined as to warrant her immediate committal. Frederick was the only witness capable of saying anything about Amanda's death who would not be the personal enemy of the unhappy girl; and every one was aware under what difficulties, and with what prejudices against him, the man whom the public supposed the cause of the whole would appear before a British jury. The public, as was natural, regarded Frederick with scorn and disgust. And yet, with the exception of Frederick, only Innocent's enemies, the father, the nurse, the women servants, all committed to proceed against her, could be called for her defense—a thought which might well have appalled the stoutest heart.

Jenny Eastwood had started at once in search of the doctor, whose evidence it was believed was of so much importance, and who had gone not to the Colonies, as Frederick said, but to Transylvania, and other remote parts of Europe, with a scientific expedition. It was hoped that he might be brought back in time for the trial. And thus the anxious days went on. The newspapers enlarged greatly on the attractive theme, and some graphic and eloquent journals went out of their way to paint this striking picture of family devotion and suffering. But there were some facts which even they were not aware of, which deepened every stroke of pain. Batty pursued the prosecution like a fiend, calling, as I have said, Innocent's dearest friends to convict her, to prove her foolish love, her wild expressions of dislike, her distracted avowal of guilt; and the case, thus complicated and embittered, would naturally fall to be tried by the youngest judge on the bench, the well-known and justly celebrated Mr. Justice Molyneux. Could there be any bitterer drop in that cup of tears?

(To be continued.)

AURIFEROUS SANDS.

THE origin of these peculiar deposits has long been a subject of investigation and study among intelligent miners as well as among scientists. The character of the formation constituting the bluffs of auriferous sand and fine gravel, which extend for many miles continuously along the beach, facing the sea, where the extensive deposits of rich sand exist—together with the recent discovery and partial development of an ancient deposit of auriferous black sand, at an elevation of nearly two hundred feet above the level of the sea, of similar character to the deposit on the present ocean beach—furnish us, we think, a satisfactory explanation of the origin of these mysterious gold sands of our northern coast.

A glance at the map will show that the gold belt of the western slope of the Sierra Nevada range of mountains tends westwardly at the northern end, sufficiently to strike the ocean obliquely between the forty-first and forty-fourth degrees of north latitude, which section is identical with our gold coast. Further examination will show that the same gold belt tends westwardly at its southern end also, and again strikes the ocean in Lower California, where similar deposits of auriferous sands are known to exist. Thus it will be seen that the course of the Sierra Nevada is in the form of a crescent. The same feature, it may be remarked incidentally, distinguishes the Rocky Mountain range, which forms a parallel crescent on the line of a larger circle.

The disintegration of the gold-bearing veins of the gold-belt of the Sierra, where it strikes the northern coast, as above mentioned, and the washing of the debris for ages down to the sea at their base, account for the formation of the auriferous black sand deposits upon the beach. They are precisely similar in character to the black sand and fine gold found in our placers along this belt, and are undoubtedly derived from the same source. The uniform fineness of the particles of gold (no coarse particles having ever been found on the ocean beach) may be attributed to the constant and long-continued trituration of the waves, and to the action of the streams that brought them down to the sea. If coarse gold does exist in these deposits, it is buried too deep to be affected by the action of the waves. Probably no shaft has ever been sunk to the bed-rock under the beach to test this question.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

NEW ENGLAND.

MAINE.—The hydrographic survey of Fore River, under the supervision of the superintendent, Professor Benjamin Pierce, and Professors Mitchell and Whiting, of the Coast Survey, will be completed in about one week.

Waldoborough celebrated its centennial on the Fourth. The camp-meeting season at Old Orchard begins September 1st. The property is being handsomely laid out.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The children in over sixty families at South Seabrook are down with the measles.

The American Institute of Instruction held its forty-fourth annual meeting in Concord.

The Y. M. C. A. of Nashua has engaged Israel Ainsworth, of Boston, for city missionary.

VERMONT.—The new iron fence around the Ethan Allen monument at Green Mount Cemetery, ordered by the State, is now in place, and is striking and appropriate in its design. The corner posts are cannon, mouth upward, each surmounted by a cannon-ball. The paling is composed of muskets of cast-iron, with steel bayonets, resting on a base of cut granite.

MASSACHUSETTS.—After prolonged discussion, it has been decided by the Catholics of Springfield to remove their children from the public schools. A new girls' school-building and nunnery will be erected at once, and other buildings as soon as the necessary funds can be obtained. Two thousand children will thus be drawn from the public schools of the city.

The State Temperance Alliance received a plan for a complete State Prohibitory canvass, declared the execution of the State Liquor Law unsatisfactory, and decided to employ Dr. Charles Jewett as temperance lecturer and solicitor of donations at \$3,000 per annum and traveling expenses.

The following figures are given showing the progress made in the Hoosac Tunnel during the month of June. Advance of headings from central shaft westward, 131 feet; from the west end eastward, 126 feet. Total advance of headings during June, 257 feet. Length opened from east end westward, 14,084 feet. Length opened from west end eastward, 9,540 feet. Total length opened to July 1st, 1873, 23,624 feet. Remaining to be opened, 1,407 feet, being 57 feet more than a quarter of a mile.

J. C. Abbott, General Deputy of the National Grange, is lecturing among the farmers.

CONNECTICUT.—Sixty-two defendants in the Credit Mobilier suits entered personal appearances in the United States District Court, Judge Shipman presiding, in Hartford, on the 7th inst. They moved that the bill be dismissed as regards them, on the ground of want of jurisdiction of the Court. The motion to dismiss will be argued at the September term of the Court.

Colored Congressman J. H. Rainey, of South Carolina, will deliver the address at the emancipation celebration in Hartford, August 7th, the date of the passage, in the House of Commons, of the Bill abolishing slavery throughout the British dominions.

The proposition for enlarging Hartford by taking in the surrounding boroughs has been defeated, the Legislative Committee rejecting the consolidation plan and agreeing to report in favor of taking the western part of the town only.

It is reported that there are a number of Italian boys living with their master in Oak Street, New Haven, who pays them \$50 a year, and compels them to earn \$2 or \$3 per day. If they don't do this, he beats them unmercifully.

THE MIDDLE STATES.

NEW YORK.—Albany has decided not to wait for a big fire, but secure two new fire-engines at once. Buffalo has been treated to several terra-ble shakes lately.

The eighteenth annual convention of the International Young Men's Christian Association of the United States and British Provinces assembled in the Washington Street M. E. Church, Poughkeepsie, on the 9th.

The New York State Teachers' Association will meet in Utica on July 23d, 24th and 25th, the occasion being their twenty-eighth anniversary.

Frank Walworth, sentenced to imprisonment for life for the murder of his father, was taken to Sing Sing Prison July 9th.

The Autumn competition of the National Rifle Association, at the Creedmoor Range, will take place in October.

NEW YORK CITY.—There will be an athletic tournament in the Academy of Music, in October, for the encouragement of gymnastics.

The ticket of the English stockholders of the Erie Railway was successful in the annual election.

The Treasury Department has ruled, in a decision recently forwarded to the New York Custom House authorities, that seal-oil, imported from Canada, cannot be considered as fish-oil, and must pay the ordinary duty.

General Charles K. Graham has been appointed Engineer-in-Chief of the Dock Department in place of General McClellan, resigned.

The Inman steamer *City of Washington*, from Liverpool to New York, was wrecked on the Nova Scotia Coast. No lives lost.

The health record of last week was very encouraging.

NEW JERSEY.—A shooting society of Newark has raised \$17,500 for a range.

It is stated as a remarkable fact that the President of the Constitutional Convention of 1843 died before he could sign the instrument in whose formation he had taken so prominent a part; and now President Zabriskie, of the present Commission, has died before its work is done.

Considerable interest is manifested in the trial, at Newark, of Colonel Drake, of the popular Third Regiment N.G.S.N.J., for disobedience to the orders of General De Hart. Colonel Drake is supported by Governor Parker, and if the court-martial goes against him, the regiment will disband unless the Governor restores the Colonel.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Philadelphia is agitating for free baths.

The Joint Committee of the Council of Philadelphia are inspecting sites for the Frankford reservoir and pumping station.

THE SOUTH.

KENTUCKY.—An old silver mine has been discovered in Serpentine County, in which are the mining implements used by some unknown but ancient race. Their antiquity is indicated by the fact that some of the implements crumble to dust on being touched.

VIRGINIA.—The Diocese of Virginia, through its council, has voted not to set off West Virginia as a separate diocese.

The semi-centennial of the first Baptist association in Virginia was celebrated in Richmond. Ten thousand people were in attendance. During the jubilee, nearly \$100,000 was raised to complete the \$300,000 with which it is proposed to erect a memorial college in Richmond.

The residents of Wetzel County, West Virginia, have formed vigilance committees to operate against cut-throats and thieving tramps.

TEXAS.—The Episcopal Diocesan Convention, which met in Waco recently, insured the life of Bishop Gregg for \$10,000 in favor of his wife.

NORTH CAROLINA.—The masters of the various Granges met at Raleigh and organized a State Grange. William S. Battle, of Edgecombe, was made President.

TENNESSEE.—The Odd Fellows of Knoxville have appointed a committee to take charge of brothers afflicted with cholera.

The Mayor of Chattanooga forbids the sale of all vegetables save potatoes, onions and tomatoes.

THE WEST.

NEVADA.—Several of the United States Topographical Engineer Corps have been prospecting in Virginia City for the site of an astronomical monument. The summit of Mount Davidson is peculiarly adapted for such observations.

WISCONSIN.—During a freshet at Clifton, enough soil was washed away to reveal a rich lead mine. Secretary Belknap has approved of the location of the bridge across the Mississippi River at La Crosse, as determined by Government Engineer Authen.

MINNESOTA.—The Government has decided to sell the balance of the "Winnepigou Indian Trust Lands," situated in Blue Earth County. They are said to comprise some of the best lands in that county, and will be sold in tracts not exceeding one hundred and sixty.

IOWA.—Dr. C. A. White, State Geologist, has presented his private cabinet to the Burlington School Board, for the exclusive use of the High School of that city. The gift embraces some 4,000 to 6,000 valuable geographical specimens.

O'Brien County has paid \$7,000 for gopher scalps.

The Patrons of Husbandry in Lynn County held a grand celebration in Marion, on the Fourth. The number of people present was variously estimated at from 20,000 to 25,000. The Granges came out in full force and form, wearing their regalia, and carrying splendid banners with mottoes.

ILLINOIS.—Governor Palmer, in his Fourth of July oration at Springfield, declared himself a Free Trader, and took up the cudgel for Farmers' Rights.

OHIO.—The Hebrew Conference at Cincinnati adopted a constitution, forming an association under the name of The Union of American Hebrew Congregations, for the establishment of a Hebrew theological college.

THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—A territorial penitentiary is being erected on McNeil Island, Puget Sound.

The Land Office at Olympia recently sold 450,000 feet of logs, seized for having been cut on Government land, at 75 cents per thousand.

The bullion taken from the Owyhee District last month amounted to \$100,000.

CALIFORNIA.—The sheep now in Lassen County are estimated at 300,000.

The latest anti-Chinese kink in San Francisco is the organization of a "united order of cobble-stone throwers," the object of which is to lay out obstreperous heathens.

The whole number of manufacturers in the State is 3,984, employing 38,392 persons.

The new mines of Ochoce occupy a circuit of about 20 miles. It is believed not less than 500 men have gone there. Cañon City miners have nearly all decamped for the new placers.

John Conway, one of the parties who constructed the Glacier Point Trail, has accomplished another noteworthy enterprise in the line of trail-building. On this occasion he has completed a trail from the Valley to the foot of the Upper Yosemite Fall, and is enabled to conduct tourists to within a hundred yards of the Fall itself, and then, on foot, under the cliff and back of the main falls. It is said to be perfectly safe for anybody to make the trip.

The Board of Supervisors of San Francisco sustained the Mayor's veto of the Chinese Laundry ordinance.

OREGON.—Trinity Church, Portland, will be consecrated July 17th.

The Odd Fellows of Eugene have purchased 10 acres of land for a cemetery.

A gold nugget was taken from a claim on Burnt River, worth \$1,100.

The new Methodist Episcopal Church, Salem, will be dedicated in August by Bishop Dagget.

Swedes are settling in Polk County very rapidly.

The catch of salmon in Oregon this season is very large, and all the fisheries are employing large numbers of men. One Portland man will send away 28,000 cases before the close of the season, which will be about the 1st of August.

An excellent quality of limestone is being taken out in Douglas County, and a great industry in this line is anticipated.

The State volunteers for the Modoc war were mustered out June 25th.

The trial of the Modoc prisoners opened at Fort Klamath.

FOREIGN.

GREAT BRITAIN.—A meeting of all claimants against the United States has been called in London. The prosecution in the Tichborne case is closed.

FRANCE.—The Shah of Persia entered Paris on the morning of the 6th.

It is said that the trial of Marshal Bazaine is set down for October.

The reconstruction of the Vendôme Column has commenced.

The second installment (250,000,000 francs) of the last milliard of the war indemnity was delivered to the German Treasury on the 5th instant. There now remains due to Germany but 500,000,000 francs, which, in accordance with the Treaty signed at Berlin on the 15th of March last, is to be paid by the 5th of next September.

The German troops have commenced their vacation of the departments of France.

The duel between MM. Ranc and De Cassagnac took place on the 7th inst. at Luxembourg. Both were wounded.

ASIA.—The Khan of Khiva and his ministers have surrendered to General Kaufmann, with appeal for clemency.

ITALY.—The Cabinet crisis continues.

The Shah is expected to make a tour of the kingdom shortly.

The Italian Government crisis has closed in the formation of a new Cabinet by Signor Minghetti.

Bellano and vicinity have been earthquake.

The Pope is now taking the waters at Gastei, and it is expected that they will have an excellent effect upon his health. The water is bottled at Gastei with special care, and forwarded to Rome, to the address of His Holiness's body physician.

SWITZERLAND.—The Federal Council has elected Herr Ziegler, of Zurich, to the Presidency.

The Conseil d'Etat of Geneva has resolved to place two commemorative tablets of marble in the room of the Hotel de Ville in which the Geneva Convention of August 23d, 1864, and the decision of the Alabama arbitration of September 14th, 1872, were signed.

The American and European Postal Congress is to meet at Berne, September 9th.

AUSTRIA.—An attempt was made to fire the Vienna Exposition building on the 9th.

Baron Schwartz, Director-General of the Vienna Exposition, has received the Grand Cross of the Order of Francis Joseph.

The Exposition Commissioners have issued invitations for an international corn and agricultural produce market, to be held on 5th and 6th August, and which is to be repeated every year.

The International Patent-right Congress will convene on the 14th of August, at Vienna. The language used at the Congress will be German, but French and English will be permitted. The decisions of the Congress will be communicated through the several Commissions to their respective Governments.

SPAIN.—Señor Suner, Colonial Minister, is preparing a scheme for Cuban reforms.

ARREST OF THE GOODRICH MURDERESS.

THE intense mystery of the Goodrich murder has been unraveled. On the 9th inst. Brooklyn and New York were excited by the intelligence that Kate Stoddard had been arrested in the former city, and after being confronted with Chief of Police Campbell, confessed that she had committed the murder. The manner in which the case was worked up is very interesting. When the jury were temporarily discharged, some months ago, the public accepted the conclusion that the officials had been baffled, and there was a hint that the jury might again be called together, thrown out merely to stifle unfavorable comment. We have abundant evidence that the police of Brooklyn have been constantly on the alert for intelligence that would lead to the arrest of the guilty person. The treatment of Lucette Myers was such that little aid could be expected from her. Indeed, she stated freely that had she received more courtesy, she could have placed the officers on the scent weeks ago; that she knew who committed the murder, and that Roscoe, the mysterious Spaniard, had been in her company many times since her release. At any time she could have given direction where Kate lodged.

Being therefore deprived of her assistance, Chief Campbell looked about, and discovered in Mary Handley a person who had known Kate intimately, and could recognize her in spite of any disguise. She was taken into the employ of the Chief, and set on the search. A report that letters were being received at the Twelfth Street sub-postoffice, addressed to a woman's name that was regarded as assumed, led her to that place, but she failed to meet Kate. Later she went to Philadelphia and other cities, upon information that hinted at a clue, but it was all in vain.

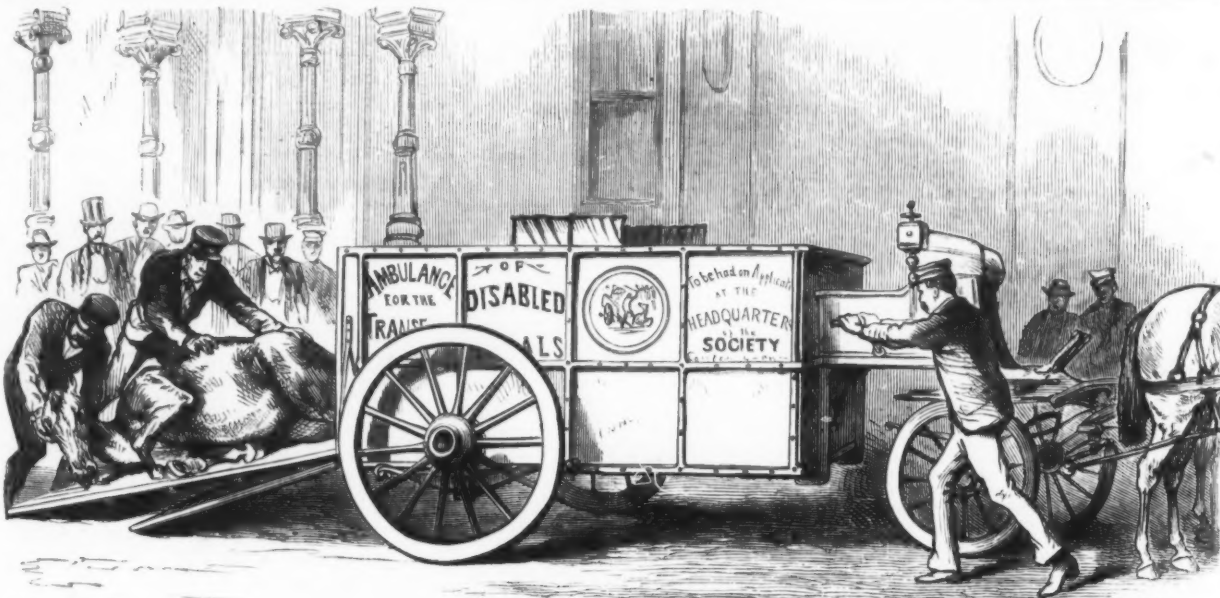
On Tuesday, July 8th, however, as Miss Handley was walking in the vicinity of the Fulton Ferry, on the Brooklyn side, she espied a haggard-looking woman, poorly dressed, having just crossed from New York. Recognizing her, she called "Kate!" "Kate!" several times, and asked an officer to arrest her. This the man declined to do until Miss Handley said something to him, when he took the strange woman in custody, and escorted her to the station-house on the corner of York and Jay Streets. Chief Campbell was immediately summoned, and, with General Jordan, President of the Police Commission, attempted to glean from her statement facts that would throw light upon the mystery.

It was not until Friday morning, July 11th, that President Jordan made the following explanatory statement to members of the Press:

"Gentlemen, since the murder of Charles Goodrich, in March last, on Degraw Street, near Third Avenue, the police of Brooklyn have continued steadily and unremittingly in their search for the perpetrator of the crime. There were people who had seen her, and others who imagined they had seen her, but the descriptions obtained were not of a kind always calculated to facilitate capture.

"Finally, however, we obtained definite information concerning her of a descriptive nature; although I had been given every feature of her face and body a dozen times over, with the tone of her voice, her peculiarities of walk, etc., and in addition to all that got a photograph, I could not identify her even in the station-house.

"We only succeeded, after patient search, in finding one person who knew her positively; but for more than six weeks after the murder that person was sick in bed. Until the termination of that period, therefore, her knowledge was of no service to us. That person was Miss Mary Handley; and, immediately upon her recovery, we employed her on the search. To make a long story short, however, Kate Stoddard—the name she is now generally known by—was met by Miss Handley in the street on Tuesday last. Miss Handley was going to New York, and Kate Stoddard was evidently coming from it, when the meeting accidentally took place. As soon as she met her, Miss Handley recognized



NEW YORK CITY.—THE NEW AMBULANCE FOR THE USE OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.



LIZZIE LLOYD KING, ALIAS KATE STODDARD, "AMY G." MINNIE WALTHAM, JESSIE WILLOUGHBY, THE CONFESSED MURDERESS OF "CHARLIE" GOODRICH, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

her, and followed her until she met a police officer, whom she induced to make the arrest.

"Kate herself declined to reveal her residence. By a device adopted by the police, we obtained the desired information. The entire city was searched for a house whence a woman had been missing since Tuesday morning. This resulted in the discovery that in a house in High Street, between Jay and Bridge, such a woman had been missing. We had the woman taken to the station-house, and there she identified Kate as her boarder. After discovering the house, we obtained a locksmith and went to it. We opened her trunks, and in them discovered the property of Goodrich, including a chain, a finger-ring, a seal, and a pocketbook with \$40 in bills."

Subsequent inquiries led to the following information about Kate's movements:

She had been living with "Charlie," and was greatly attached to him; he wanted to cast her off, but she loved him so much that she could not leave him. She entreated on her knees that he would

allow her to remain, but he was firm, and, in fact, brutal in his treatment of her; and the Thursday before the Friday on which the body was found, the day fixed for her to leave him, he threatened her with all sorts of things if she dared to trouble him further. She loved the man so much that she could not leave him, and when she saw him determined to discard her she worked herself up to murder him. She had one of the revolvers in her pocket, not the one which the detectives found lying at the house beside the corpse, and while Goodrich was stooping down on one hand and knee, in the act of lighting the heater, she drew the pistol, and extending her hand toward him, she said, "Charlie!" He looked up, and she shot him three times.

After she committed the murder, on Thursday morning, she waited all that day and night in the house watching it. On Friday morning she had occasion to go to New York, and early on that morning she washed the blood from the face of the murdered man with a towel, which she afterward wrung out, and which was also found damp by the police. She it was who fixed the corpse as it was discovered, and when she had done this she went over to New York for something or other, and was about to return to the house on that Friday evening. She came over the Fulton Ferry, and ere she had fairly put her foot on the street, she heard the newsboys announcing the meagre details of the murder.

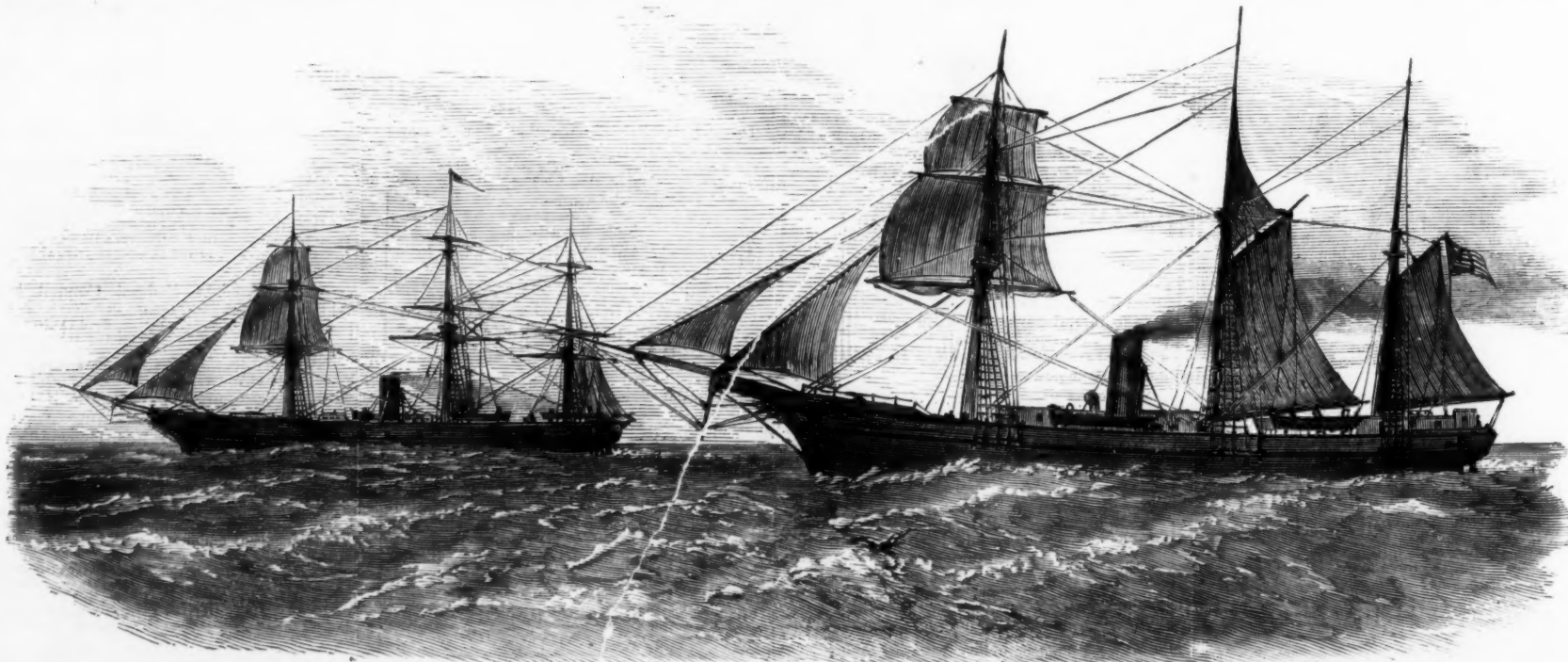
The examination before Coroner Whitehill took place on Saturday. Kate was identified by Lucette Myers, Mary Handley, Adelaide Palm, and Mrs. Anna Knight, the lady off whom Kate rented her room.

She related that she was twenty-six years old, was a native of Plymouth, Mass., had been living in High Street, Brooklyn, and was a bonnet-maker by occupation. The jury found her guilty of the murder, and she was remanded to Raymond Street Jail to await trial.

SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

AMBULANCES FOR DISABLED ANIMALS.

ONE of the most prominent features of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, is the means furnished gratuitously by it for the removal of disabled animals from the streets. Throughout the country there are only two vehicles constructed particularly for this humane purpose, and these are owned by Mr. Bergh's Society. The first was built some four years ago, and designed by Mr. Bergh; since that time it has removed nearly one thousand disabled horses and other animals from the streets. Owing to its prompt services, the lives of many valuable horses have been saved. Our illustration is of a new and improved ambulance just built for the Society by Mr. E. Marsh, of Newark, N. J., which is admirably adapted for its work. The vehicle is fourteen feet long, and the body of



Junata.

Tigress.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF THE "POLARIS."—THE U. S. STEAMERS AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD, PREPARATORY TO SAILING.—SEE PAGE 315.



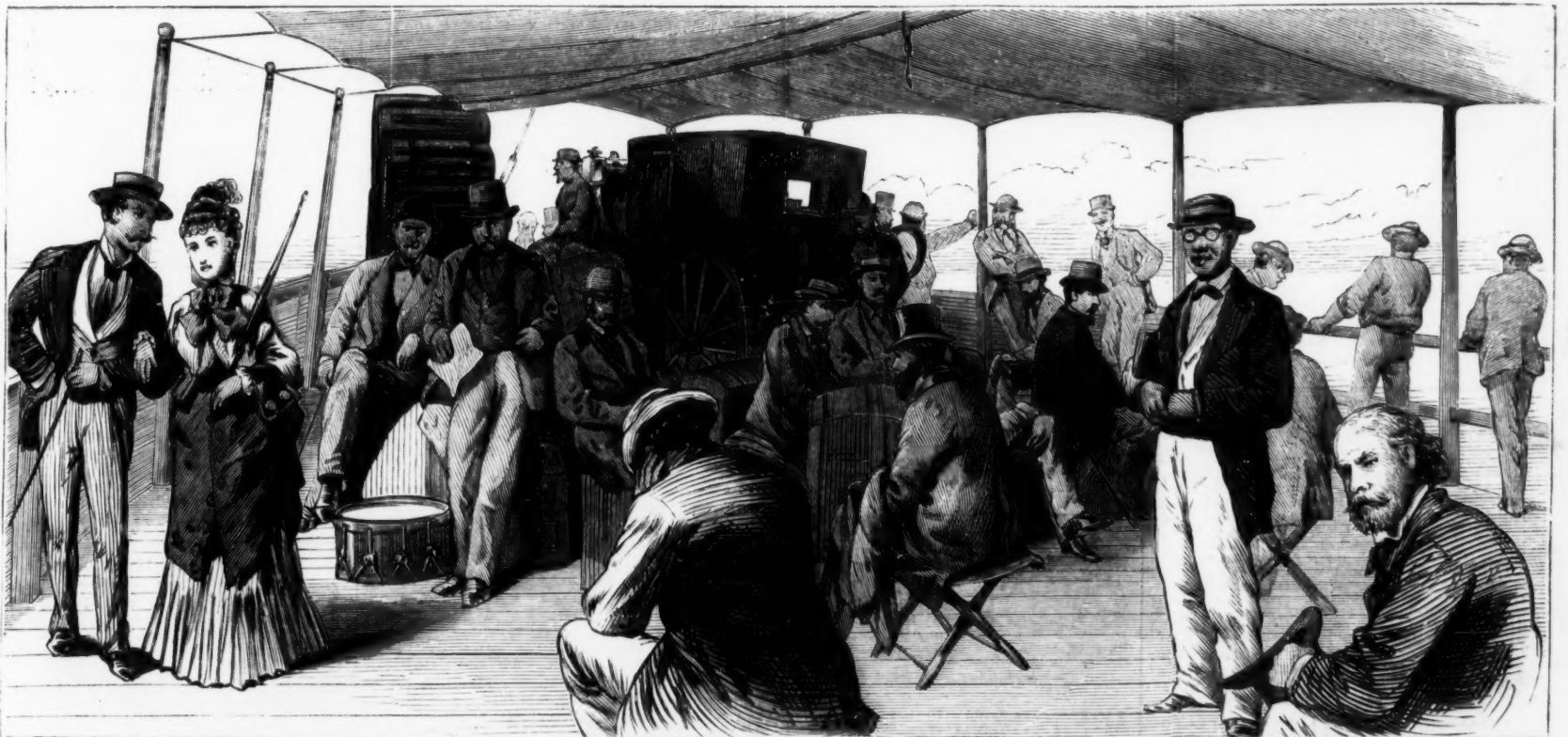
THE RUSH FOR THE LONG BRANCH STEAMER—SCENE AT PIER 28, NORTH RIVER.



THE GRAND SALOON OF THE STEAMER "PLYMOUTH ROCK."



THE RESTAURANT OF THE STEAMER "PLYMOUTH ROCK."



THE FORWARD DECK OF THE STEAMER "JESSE HOYT."

LONG BRANCH, "THE CITY BY THE SEA."—VIEWS EN ROUTE.—SEE PAGE 317.

ample width for a horse to lie down comfortably. In the case of a horse being down, as our illustration represents, the tail-board of the vehicle is lowered, and a false bottom run out on rollers; the horse is lifted therein, and the bottom is drawn back into its place by a windlass. The whole is so arranged as to prevent any jar or discomfort to the animal while riding. There is also an attachment, called a sling, which will support any animal standing up. Under the seat are a medicine-box, drawers for implements, buckets and sponges. A handsome pair of signal-lamps, and a set of hobb-runners for winter use, are also provided. Both ambulances are kept ready for immediate use day or night, and may be had by any one desirous of removing a sick or wounded horse by applying at the headquarters of the Society on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street.

FUN-OGRAPHY.

TRAVELERS always complain of being fleeced more in Italy than in any other country.

"At what a rate that girl's tongue is going!" said a lady, looking complacently at her daughter, who was discussing some subject with apparent interest with a handsome young clergyman. "Yes," replied a satirical neighbor, "it is going at a pretty heavy rate."

ONE of the soldiers sent against the Mo-does received a letter from his sister containing the following touching and beautiful sentiment: "And if anything should happen to you, do make some arrangement to have your hair recovered and sent on. It is the exact color of mine, and I can't get a pair of curls of the right shade anywhere here."

A FARMER not accustomed to literary composition or letter-writing, having lost a new hat at a meeting, and inquired into its possible mistaking, addressed the following note to its supposed possessor: "Mr. A. presents his compliments to Mr. B.; I have got a hat which is not his; if he has got a hat which is not yours, no doubt they are the missing one."

Oh, say not I love you because the molasses You purchased at Simpson's was golden and clear; The syrup, the sugar, the jelly in glasses, The crackers, the mackerel, I know were not dear. But when you came to me with Simpson's smoked salmon, And showed me his samples of Limburger cheese, I felt that his claim to be cheap was not gammon; I loved you, and said so, dear Jane, on my knees.

The following dialogue occurred in the Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris, between a patriarchal gentleman and his granddaughter: "What makes your hair so white, grandpa?" inquired the maiden. "I am very old, my dear; I was in the ark," says grandpa, humorously, but with a reckless regard for truth which does not prepossess us in the old man's favor. "Oh," says the child, regarding her relative with a fresh interest "are you Noah?" "No, I am not Noah." "Are you Shem, then?" "No, I am not Shem." "Are you Ham?" "No, I am not even Ham." "Then you must be Japhet," says mademoiselle, at the end of her historical tether, and growing rather impatient at the difficulty that surrounded her aged relative's identification. "No, I am not Japhet." "Then, grandpa, you're a beast."

A CERTAIN French baron, whose scientific tastes led him to collect the skulls of celebrated persons, one day received a visit from a man with whom he was accustomed to deal. "What do you bring me here?" asked the baron, as the man slowly unwrapped a carefully enveloped package. "The skull of Shakespeare," "Impossible!" "I speak the truth, Monsieur le Baron. Here is proof of what I say," said the dealer, producing some papers. "But," replied the baron, drawing aside the drapery which concealed his own singular collection, "I already possess that skull." "He must have been a rogue who sold you that," was the remark of the honest dealer. "Who was it, monsieur?" "Your father," said the baron, in a mild tone; "he sold it to me about twenty-nine years ago." The broker was for a moment disconcerted, then exclaimed, with vivacity: "I comprehend. Be good enough to observe the small dimensions of the skull on your shelf. Remark the narrow occiput, the undeveloped forehead, where intelligence is still mute. It is of Shakespeare, certainly, but of Shakespeare as a child about twelve or fourteen years old, whereas this is that of Shakespeare when he had attained a certain age, and had become the great genius of which England is so justly proud." The baron bought the second head.

THE YELLOWSTONE NAVIGABLE.

The Yellowstone has its source in the mountain lake of that name, lying between the Big Horn and Upper Missouri branches, and is characterized by many islands, and by bold, sweeping curves, frequently infringing on the hill-sides. Between Clark's Fork and the mouth of the Big Horn, it is a rapid river, flowing some three or four miles per hour, and is from five hundred to six hundred yards wide. After passing the Big Horn, and thence to Powder River, it resembles the turbid Missouri, and expands into a volume nine hundred yards wide. It is unobstructed by difficult rapids, and contains numerous densely wooded and heavily timbered islands, and the sand-bars could easily be removed at very little expense. Captain Reynolds's party who explored it some years ago, represent its floods as neither sudden nor excessive. They followed it up several hundred miles, and expressed the opinion that it could be navigated all the way to the point where it issues from the mountains, by boats drawing three feet of water, from the middle of May to the 1st of August, and pronounced it better for steamboat navigation than the Missouri. The total length of the Yellowstone is about five hundred and fifty miles, and, if our present information is tolerably correct, about three hundred and fifty miles of the river will be opened to the busy steamboat of the Western waters. The Northern Pacific Railroad (which traverses the natural channel of the Yellowstone,) with its southern connections to Cheyenne and Yankton, will greatly assist in populating and developing the Yellowstone basin and the many adjoining river valleys, and bringing their untold mineral wealth and the wonders of their volcanic phenomena within the reach of the settler and the tourist. The completion of these highways to the great National Yellowstone Park and Lake, lying amid the most fascinating and stupendous scenery of the world, and in a climate the most favored, will attract thousands of visitors from every part of the globe.—*New York Herald.*

Centaur Liniment.

The great discovery of the age. There is no pain which the Centaur Liniment will not relieve, no swelling which it will not subdue, and no lameness which it will not cure. This is strong language, but it is true. It is no humbug; the recipe is printed around each bottle. A circular containing certificates of wonderful cures of rheumatism, neuralgia, lock-jaw, sprains, swellings, burns, scalds, caked breasts, poisonous bites, frozen feet, gout, salt-rheum, ear-ache, etc., and the recipe of the Liniment will be sent gratis to any one. It is the most wonderful healing and pain-relieving agent the world has ever produced. It sells as no article ever before did sell, and it sells because it does just what it pretends to do. One bottle of the Centaur Liniment for animals (yellow wrapper) is worth a hundred dollars for sprained, strained or galled horses and mules, and for screw-worm in sheep. No family or stock-owner can afford to be without Centaur Liniment. Price, 50 cents; large bottles, \$1. J. B. Ross & Co., 53 Broadway, New York.

Castoria is more than a substitute for Castor Oil. It is the only article in existence which is sure to regulate the bowels, cure wind-rollic and produce natural sleep. It is pleasant to take. Children need not cry and mothers may sleep.

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THE Travelers Insurance Company, of Hartford, has just published its annual statement. It is a most gratifying exhibit, and shows that the traveling public recognize the utility of this admirable institution. It is, indeed, so apparent that it requires nothing beyond the mere statement of its object to induce every person who undergoes the risk of steamer or railcar to insure in it, since the premium is so small that it scarcely becomes of any account at all. In order to accommodate the public, insurers can have general accident policies by the year or month, or life and endowment policies at the lowest cash rates. For particulars apply to any agent, or write to the Company.

A GOOD Sewing Machine is a household treasure that no family can afford to do without. If you want the best, the Wilson Underfeed should be your choice. It combines in the most perfect manner all the requisites of durability, simplicity, ease of operation and perfection of work, and is sold at a less price than any other first class machine. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The Company want agents in country towns.

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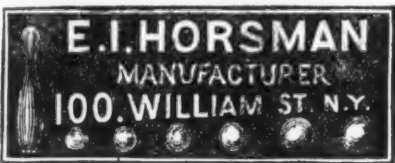
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ASSETS.	
Real estate owned by the company,	\$ 67,000 00
Cash in bank and hands of agents,	202,409 18
Loans on first mortgages real estate,	975,347 56
Loans on personal and collateral security,	65,859 73
Deferred premiums (being balance of semi-annual and quarterly premiums,	59,542 91
Accrued interest,	38,466 40
Commuted commissions,	14,171 80
United States government bonds,	335,710 00
State and municipal bonds,	115,050 00
Railroad stocks and bonds,	139,030 00
Bank stocks,	325,306 00
Railway Passengers Assurance Co. Stock,	156,000 00
Total Assets,	\$2,513,593 38
LIABILITIES.	
Claims unadjusted and not due,	\$ 173,839 88
Reserve for re-insurance, life departm't,	1,349,568 00
Reserve for re-insurance, acc. departm't,	204,672 97
	\$1,728,080 86
Surplus as regards policy-holders,	\$785,512 53

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